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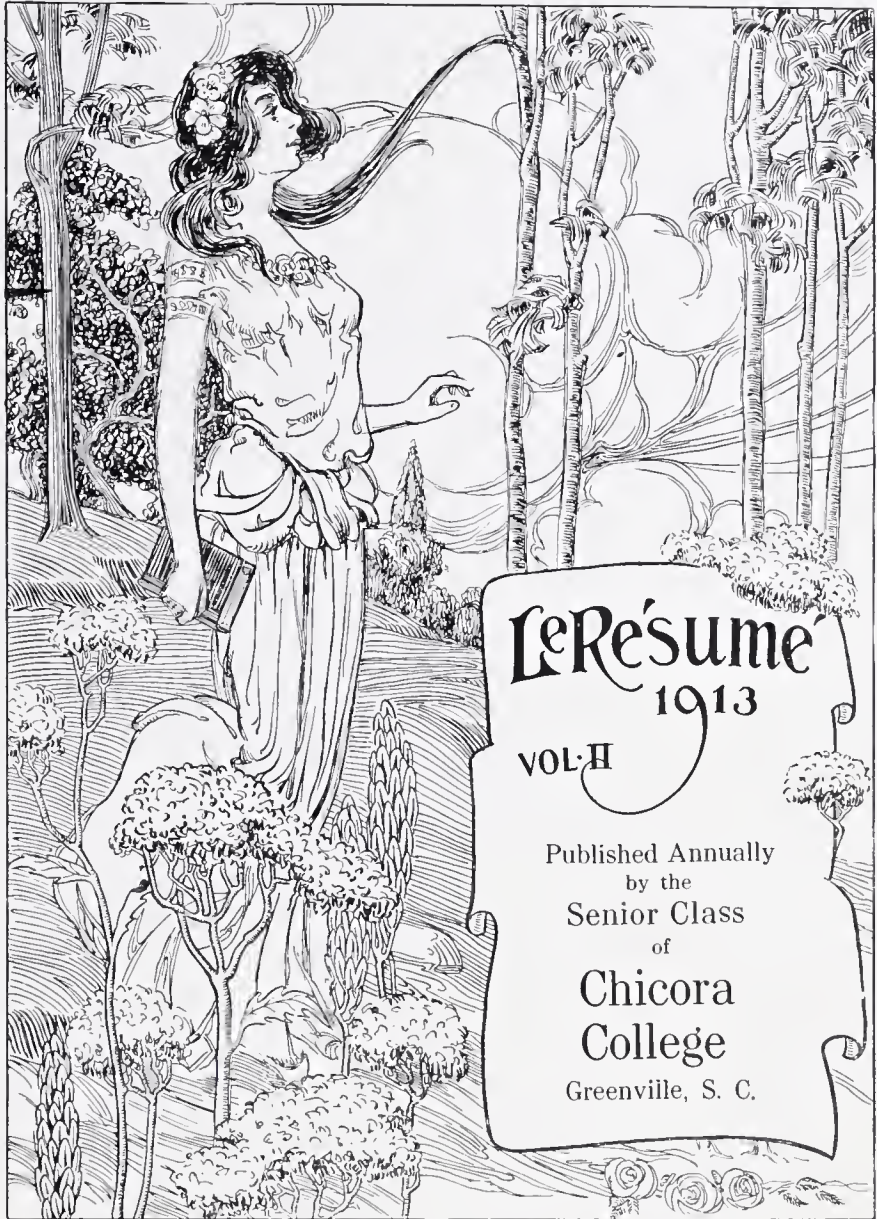
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CHICORA COLLEGE



LeRésumé 1913

VOL. II

Published Annually
by the

Senior Class
of

Chicora
College

Greenville, S. C.



WILHELMINA COZBY BYRD

... Ca ...

Wilhelmina Cozby Byrd

Our Vice-President, Professor, Counsellor and Friend

We dedicate this issue of

Le Resume

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Senior Class Pictures



MARY EVELYN BROWN, B.A.

Clio, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

*"Her high, broad forehead, marble fair,
Told of the power of thought found there."*

Born in Japan, reared in the United States, educated in high school and Chicora College, Mary Evelyn has shown herself always the same lovable character everywhere; quiet, unobtrusive, unselfish, influential, and a leader in all that pertains to the welfare of others. Her executive ability and sound judgment has been manifested in the way she has administered the affairs of the Y. W. C. A., as well as in her numerous class and society offices. A steadying and balancing force in college; a seeker after truth with a tremendous craving for a nature of sympathetic understanding of others, vitally interested in soul culture and the highest things in life—these are some of her characteristics. Mary Evelyn possesses the highest standards of honor and truth, so much so, that one can always rely upon her judgment. Forever faithful and forever true,—thus is our beloved Class President.

FRANCES CAROLINE BURGESS, B. MUS.

Yorkville, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

"Auntie" has been with us for only two years, having joined our class in the fall of 1911. This demure little maid has, by her unassuming manner, won a firm place deep down in the hearts of many. To know her better is to love her more. Two of Frances' most admirable traits are her conscientiousness and her quiet determination. In addition to these characteristic qualities she is "a jolly good fellow" and is "in" for any fun that happens along. She has a disposition that one might well envy. But beware, and do not disturb her when she is taking her afternoon nap! She is continually walking into trouble by trying so hard to keep out of it. Her early years were divided between the study of music and the common rudiments of education, such as Math., Latin, and Science. But music has triumphed over books and a very common expression of hers is: "I can't, I have to practice." We predict for Frances a brilliant career in the musical world. The best wishes of all her friends are for her future happiness and success.





WILLIE PORTRESS COVINGTON, B. Mus.

Bennettsville, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

*"So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure."*

Willie came to us a Sophomore, and in a very short time was recognized as a treasure to our class. She was voted the most brilliant girl in school and indeed many demands are made upon her ability in every phase of college life.

In spite of ill health she has bravely overcome and conquered every task placed before her. In her brown eyes we fathom the strength of her character and the force of her will. Although devoted to her books, music finally triumphed, and she has shown considerable talent along this line. During her college career, Willie has held a number of responsible offices owing to her excellent judgment and her business ability. The Annual is greatly indebted to her faithfulness and diligence. We feel sure that all the essential qualities of success are in her possession and we predict for her a brilliant future.

SARAH ESTHER DOAR, B. Mus.

Georgetown, S. C.

Kratian Literary Society

"Her delicious eyes are clear as Heaven."

When Essie came to Chicora she brought with her her sunshiny smile and laughing eyes. But with her came also her low-country speech, much to the amusement of the upland lassies in school. Returning their teasing and banter in good nature, she e'er long won their love and confidence. Her time has been devoted to music, and she both plays and sings exceedingly well. Her voice is so sweet that when she has ceased to sing it "vibrates in the memory." To her touch the piano yields up its deepest secrets. Believing that all honor lies in acting well her part, Essie has made a splendid worker in all phases of college life.





ANNIE LEWIS DRAKE, B.A.

Bennettsville, S. C.

Kratian Literary Society

"To see her is to love her."

Have I not said enough? Lewis is the baby of our class, although she is "prep" in size, she is senior in mind. Indeed, the best things are arranged in small bundles and within this small creature is a mind so deep, so wonderful. She is skilled in music, in art, and stands foremost on the athletic field. She takes an active part in all the affairs of college life. Lewis is especially brilliant in directing financial affairs and social committees. No girl in school who has heard her friendly pass-word on the hall, "Hey, Beau," has not been captured by it. Neath drooping lashes, her sparkling eyes indicate her tender heart, but e'er she leaves Chicora we fear it will be inclined toward "Harden"-ing. Lewis has stuck to her basket-ball team for three years. Stick to the world, Lewis, just as perseveringly and you will win a position on the Varsity of Life's game.

MARGARET FLOYD, B. Mus.

Woodruff, S. C.

"She had a sunny nature, that like a flower in a dark place sought for life."

Margaret Floyd is one of the girls who came to Chicora as a Freshman. She boarded in the college the first year but for the last three sessions has cast her lot with the day pupils. She is a sunny girl, with her golden hair, bright eyes, and happy smile. She can keep house, sew, cook—but perhaps it is wise not to chronicle too many of her virtues. A recital, the bane of the music senior's career, stares her in the face, but she courageously goes forward determined that the girl in the dotted swiss will win out. Such an attractive girl will not long,—well, guess what she won't do.





HELEN GOLDSMITH, B.A.

Fountain Inn, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

"A noble and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, unselfishness, sincerity, and refinement."

Helen is one of our hardest working B.A.'s, and is considered by the faculty to be one of the best students in college. So after all, it will not surprise you when I say she is made of good material, and will be heard of in the future. She is sweet and kind, and always ready to lend a helping hand to some poor soul climbing up the hill of knowledge.

"Always happy, always true,

Ah! Helen, would there were more girls like you!"

RUTH RANDOLPH HARRIS, B.A., Expression

Jacksonville, Fla.

Kratian Literary Society

"She is never sad but when she sleeps."

Randolph might well be termed the mascot of the class, since she is both small and "cute." At first glance one would guess that she was from the sunny state of Florida, for she is truly a sunbeam—always bearing her brand on her head. Buried beneath this mass of golden hair is a steady brain, ever working, ever busy. The study of expression has added a coquettish air to this quaint little maid, which makes her admired and loved by all. Swift as an arrow on the athletic field she has won distinction for herself. In her friendly nature and genial disposition, she is termed by all "a perfect little dear."

Randolph is the true patriot of the class '13.

"Here's to the girl with red hair, white skin and blue eyes, may her colors never fade."





MABEL HARTNESS, B. Mus.

Sharon, S. C.

Kratian Literary Society

"Let me have music dying, and I seek no more delight."

Good-natured, happy-hearted Mabel, entered college in the fall of 1908, and continued with us for two years; then on account of illness she missed a year and returned in 1911 to cast in her lot with the class of '13. She has never been known to be seriously angry or anxiously troubled over anything that has yet crossed her pathway. Not even the thoughts of a piano recital have disturbed her as she pursued the even tenor of her way. Her wonderful musical talent is Mabel's greatest gift, and we predict for her a successful musical career.

EMILIE CABELL HOLLADAY, B.A.

Winnsboro, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned;
To warn, to comfort, and command."*

This is "Holladay," and when one knows her the truth is evident. She claims Virginia as her native state, but she moved to South Carolina a few years ago, and joined the class of 1913 as an egotistic Sophomore. In the various activities of college life she has proved her untiring energy, sound judgment, independent thinking and executive ability; and one feels a peculiar sense of satisfaction when a difficult task has been put into Emilie's hands. Distinctly the literary leader of her class, she is also especially gifted with her pen, and none can frame a rhyme so well. With a quick wit, a cheerful countenance, a deep sympathy, who knows her but to love her?





MARY LAND, B.A.

Yorkville, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

"I go to prove my soul!"

Mary, true to her name, is indeed exalted. With high ideals and principles she came to college only to realize those and immediately set up higher ones. Her college career has been an example to all others. Our most influential and best loved girl, she has reached even the most timid girls by her sweetness, understanding and sympathy. It is Mary's sole purpose in life to become a missionary, and with this end in view, she has sought diligently for all knowledge that could aid her in any way. In preparation for the foreign field she will enter Johns Hopkins University after leaving Chicora.

MARY GIBBES MITCHELL, Expression
Greenville, S. C.

*"She lends to the rhyme of the poet,
The beauty of her voice."*

Mary came to us in the fall of 1911 from St. Mary's in Raleigh. During these two years she has endeared herself to all with whom she has come in contact. How could it be otherwise in the case of this wee bit of humanity, with radiant face and sparkling eyes? Mary will take her Expression degree with "An Old Sweet-heart of Mine." The fortune-teller predicts that this girlie will become the president of a famous school of Expression, unless—well *"Amor omnia vincit."*





CATHERINE ARRANT MURCHISON, L.I.

Camden, S. C.

Kratian Literary Society

"Wit and humor covered a multitude of sins."

Catherine has won her way into the heart of every girl by her jolly good nature. Her presence is always made known by her merry laugh, which is particularly well known in the dining-room. Each morning the sun peeps over the horizon and finds Catherine pacing the basket-ball field with a will. This act she has continued for a number of years in order to "fall off." Be it said that she has indeed been very faithful, though sad to relate, no results, as yet, are very evident. We hope that her jolly nature and good disposition will always prove as stable as her weight. We will miss her beaming countenance when the cruel necessity of graduation severs her connection with us.

BERTHA McCUTCHEON, L.I.

Bishopville, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

"Silence is more musical than any song."

Bertha, after spending a year at Winthrop, decided to cast in her lot at "Chicora," September, 1911. Thus she wished to secure the finishing touches in the Normal Course, which might prepare her for the position of principal of some high school. Her sincerity, good nature, and all-round good heartedness have won for her many friends, but she is best loved by those who know her best. Bertha's many friends at Chicora call her, "Going to Clinton." From marvelous accounts of frequent visits, we think it is doubtful that Bertha will ever teach,—but then, one can never tell.





ELIZABETH REBECCA McNEILL, B. Mus.

Lynchburg, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

*"I am the Master of my fate,
I am the Captain of my soul."*

For four years Elizabeth has been a student in Chicora College. If you are in need of a true friend to sympathize or to help you out of some difficulty, she is always ready to lend assistance. Depth of character stands out foremost in her dealings, and a strong determination predominates. Her ability here has been shown in her marked success as business manager of *Le Résumé*. She is what she is, there is no hypocrisy about her. She is very independent, and beware, lest you trample upon her rights! Liking literature, but loving music, she devotes most of her talent to this department, and has made an enviable stand here; her soul is in her playing. We predict for Elizabeth a very promising musical career.



ETHELYN OWENS, B. Mus.

Georgetown, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."*

During the three years of Ethelyn's sojourn at Chicora, she has made rapid progress in all lines. But in the development of her musical talent has she most distinguished herself. Not only did she graduate in piano, but she was also voted to have the best voice in College. She is a strong member of the Glee Club, and all other musical organizations in school. Kind, sympathetic, gentle and tender; shy of speech, great in heart, always faithful, forever true—thus is Ethelyn a loyal member of Class '13.



ANNA PUETT, B.A.

Dallas, N. C.

Kratian Literary Society

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Anna, the only "Tar-heel" in our class, was born many, many years ago in a little town of North Carolina. She's been going to school quite a while and is not sure but that she will go at least a year or two longer. Well you never can tell what a girl like Anna will do—some people think she is quiet, but perhaps they are the ones who don't give other people a chance. She leaves Chicora with a good record, many friends, and truly it may be said, no enemies. She has done good work in her regular course, paints attractive, though rather sentimental posters, and works "Math." like a machine. Anna Puett certainly is an extraordinary girl—she is extremely fond of Mathematics. Thus runs the life of this maiden—but a word of warning if you wish to remain on friendly terms with her—Don't point your finger at her—Enough said, I see her jump already. •

IONE ROWELL, B.A.

Piedmont, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

*"When all things have their trial you shall find
Nothing constant but a virtuous mind."*

Ione is a studious, straightforward girl, and can always be depended upon. She has distinguished herself by her love for Latin. However, she has not confined herself to the classics but has done full justice to other studies, making altogether a worthy record. Yet she believes that "too much study is a weariness of the flesh," and takes great delight in all our receptions. We prophesy a brilliant future for Ione as a teacher unless—some one interferes.





RUTH SMITH, Expression
Greenville, S. C.

*"Rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold and strong,
Rolled the full tide of eloquence along."*

Ruth took her B.A. degree with the Class of 1911, and after teaching a year came back to graduate in expression with the "Thirteeners." The results that she has accomplished this year have caused us to stand aside in admiration and amazement, but no doubt if it were possible to see the amount of grey matter in that head of hers, we should wonder no longer. She can accomplish in one day as much as the average person does in three. Political genius is not wanting with Ruth, and remembering her natural talent, her brilliance of mind, together with an untiring energy, we predict for her a high place in the realm of dramatic art.

FLORENCE THORNWELL STEELE, B. Mus.
Rock Hill, S. C.
Palladian Literary Society

"And before knowledge goeth humility."

Florence has been a member of our class through all four years, and her gentle, sympathetic disposition has helped many of her co-workers through the trials and worries of their college life. Her conscientiousness, an excellent quality, predominates in her life, but still it tends to make her worry for fear of not performing her duty. We think Florence will make a good disciplinarian on account of the authority she has exercised in the training of her sister, Eloise, the Junior, the last three years of her college life. Her ability at the piano will doubtless win for her an honored and well-deserved place among the musicians of South Carolina.





HELEN WALKER TURNER, B.A.

Bennettsville, S. C.

Palladian Literary Society

"That inexhaustible good nature which is itself the most precious gift of Heaven."

Helen has endeared herself to every one at Chicora by her bright face and sunny disposition. Nor does she keep her sunshine to herself; it radiates to all those around her. Who ever saw Helen when she had "the blues?" She is too busy helping others and giving them pleasure to become melancholy. She is also noted for her originality, she never expresses things quite like other people, having a clever little "way" all her own. If there were more folks like Helen in the world this globe would be a more pleasant place on which to dwell. Happy will be the man who wins Helen to banish his cares with her sunshine.

The Mountain Climb

*"Roll back thy dust
Of dark brown years,
Reveal the paths
Our feet have trod."*

ON a bright, hopeful day in September, we, a large party of mountain climbers, flying the banners of Chicora, stood at the base of Mount Knowledge, which towered far above us into the heavens. We were eagerly awaiting to make the ascent which would cover a period of four long years. Before proceeding up the mountain, we found it necessary to make some preparation for the journey. Others who had gone before us had told us that somewhere, near the foot of the mountain, was a beautiful valley in which could be found exquisite gem-stones. The peculiar property of these stones lay in the fact that they were talismans to those who possessed them. They had this virtue: that they would give us perseverance, faith, strength, courage and application to hold out till the end.

We readily found the valley, but after a careful search only six out of such a large number of us were fortunate enough to find a gem. With these coveted prizes in our possession we pressed forward, but with little realization of the trials and labors before us.

On the way was hard study. Our work happily, was diversified by athletic sports, in which our party became truly famous, winning the championship cup in basket-ball for three consecutive years.

With the beginning of the second year's climb we were tainted with "hydrocephalus" and visionary. Several of our party had fallen but the ranks were augmented by accessions from other schools. They, like our survivors, had been to the valley of gems and brought their treasures with them. These new comrades were a valuable addition.

Bright and pleasant are the memories of our sophomore days for they were days of big things with us. We still held our prestige in basket-ball. Under the able guidance of Miss Bridgman and Miss Witherspoon we did some practical work for our Alma Mater. We presented a play; with the proceeds from which we added about a hundred volumes to our library.

Our Junior year found us hard and determined travelers. We now began to see that our journey amounted to something. Realities were taking the place of our visions. Two principal events marked our Junior year. The first was the Junior-Senior reception. The large number of gentlemen present attested to its importance and our popularity. It was

a grand success. The second event was the cordial invitation from Clemson College to be their guests on their annual field day. Never was a happier, merrier company of girls than our Chicora clan on that memorable day. We were greeted with a royal welcome and were entertained with every courtesy and kindness possible to be shown.

As Seniors, we have now reached the summit of all our ambitions. We are on the mountain top.

“The traveler owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And pausing takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.”

We stand with our talismans untarnished, on the threshold of actual life. For we shall go out as trained workers into the harvest fields of the world.

Comrades of 1913, the future is before us!

“Press on! There’s no such word as fail.

Press nobly on! the goal is near.

Ascend the mountain; breast the gale!

Look upward, onward—never fear!”

IONE ROWELL, Historian.



Prophecy of Class of 1913

ONE Wednesday afternoon, as I was worrying over writing this prophecy and trying to think of something original, Randolph rushed in, saying: "Lewis, do stop bothering with that prophecy and be sociable. Hurry up, get ready, and let's 'be going' to the fortune teller's. We Seniors have permission to go this afternoon."

"Fortune teller's?"

"Yes, didn't you know there will be a grand one in town to-day and to-morrow? Here's where Senior privileges come in. Child, did you ever hear of anything so grand?"

"Say, let's go early so we can shop a little. This prophecy can wait for a more convenient season."

* * *

I was ushered into a small inner room, heavily curtained, where the semi-darkness and the odor of the burning josh-sticks filled my very soul with awe. After I had crossed Madam Eda's palm with silver, she gladdened my heart with the assurance that I would be a physician, the dream of my girlhood hours.

A number of girls had gathered in the reception room, and as I was waiting for Randolph to have her future "read,"—for someone else was now in the room,—I caught sight of a long passage. Wandering down this hall I spied a door, and upon turning the knob it yielded. I stealthily pushed it open only to find myself facing thick curtains. But what was that I heard? Was it not Madam Eda's voice? Here was my opportunity to satisfy my curiosity as to the fortunes of the other girls.

I could hear the monotonous voice continue its wierd chanting and these words fell upon my listening ears: "And behold under the guiding influence of the great instructor Philippe you shall become a potent factor in the musical world."

At first I could not recognize the voice of the recipient of such a fortune, but at last the proverbial, "Oh, how cute," and I knew this must be Mabel's promise for the future.

I could hear Mabel's distant footsteps grow less distinct, then a laugh, a heavy tread, and I knew Catherine had entered the room. There was silence for a few moments, during which time I supposed Catherine was performing the necessary preliminaries. Then again the low mumble, but this time I could not distinguish the words. She spoke for it seemed an indeterminable length of time, then I could hear Catherine exclaim: "Am I going to be an editor? And of a paper called *Wit and Humor*?"

Think of it!" [A laugh.] "Well, I'll stick to the suffragettes if I'm going to work under their auspices."

A peal of laughter greeted my listening ears as Catherine told the girls her fate.

In an instant after Catherine's departure, another was ushered in. Who could not recognize by the rapid flow of speech that this was Margaret Floyd? Madam's voice was again indistinct, but I caught the remainder of the last sentence—"happily ever afterward in a manse shall you dwell."

Margaret must have pushed Mary Mitchell into the room, for there was scarcely a pause in Madam Eda's tone, "Extend your left palm" [a pause] "I see here marked literary talents. You shall be a Lyceum interpreter of Shakespeare. Your power of expression will enable you to portray the characters as the great dramatist intended."

Becoming weary of my cramped position, I cautiously stole back into the reception room, before my absence had been noted by my comrades. I reached there just as Frances reappeared. All of us exclaimed upon seeing the shocked expression on her countenance. With an impatient gesture Frances exclaimed: "I don't ever expect to go to another fortune teller. Madam Eda is a fake. They're all fakes. The very idea of my being directress of a dancing school, with fancy dancing my specialty. It makes me perfectly furious."

As yet Randolph's fate had not been foretold. She said she was going to stay and watch the varied expressions of the girls and make them relate to her their fortunes.

Essie was now the occupant of the inner room, and we anxiously awaited her coming. She told us Madam decreed that she should found a musical conservatory at Georgetown. At first the lady could not tell anything about the name of the city where the conservatory would be located except George—something, so Essie asked if it were Georgetown and Madam Eda then said that was the exact name she saw.

As Ethelyn was being escorted into the sanctum, I slipped unobserved into my former hiding place.

Before I was settled in a comfortable position, Madam had commenced Ethelyn's fortune, but her voice was so low that I could get no inkling of what she was foretelling until Ethelyn in astonishment exclaimed, "Lullabies!"

I was so amused, and the effort not to laugh and thus betray my presence was so great that I did not hear Ethelyn's departure or anyone's entrance until someone's saying, "I'm mighty proud to be having you tell my fortune, Madam Eda" directed my attention again to the fortunes. Any-

one would "be knowing" that was Randolph. This time I could distinguish every word as Madam said: "You shall be a future political star and your success shall culminate in a senatorship."

Randolph rushed out very much excited and I could hear shrieks of laughter which told me that she and Helen Turner had had a "head-on collision." I could hear none of the conversation, but on the way home Helen reported it to me. Listen! This is what it was. She said that Helen would become Professor of English in Columbia University, after completing a course there and studying abroad.

She had hardly finished telling Helen's fortune before Willie ran in saying that she couldn't let her room-mate get ahead of her. Again Madam's voice was murmuring but her words were indistinct. She talked for a long while and finally I caught the one word, "husband," echoed by Willie.

The next person entered the room with timid footsteps and I did not recognize her voice but Madam Eda's was easily understood as she said: "You shall do a grand and noble work. You shall be matron of an old ladies' institute." I found out afterward that this was to be Florence's life work.

I could not tell by either the walk or voice who was now passing through the ordeal, but in a minute I caught the word "planetesimal," then again it seemed I heard "hypothesis." From this I judged that Anna, the predicted scientist of our class must be in the room. I listened intently but could hear no more.

The door opened and I knew Madam Eda had another customer. I could hear the voices as if at a distance, but could get no clue as to who this one was or who might be the next who entered. That night at the supper table the mystery was revealed for Helen Goldsmith, who sat at the same table with me, said her fortune had come immediately after Anna's. She laughed in her quiet way as she told me that her first literary production, "Corporal Punishment as Regards Infants," would be on the market in a few years.

In the course of our conversation I found that Ione had followed Helen, and she was to be Professor of Latin at Chicora upon the marriage of our present teacher.

By this time I was becoming tired keeping still and quiet so long, but after squirming around I decided to wait to hear the fortunes of the rest of the girls for it was interesting as well as amusing.

I heard a heavy tread and recognized it as the familiar footstep of Mary Land. She asked if Madam Eda would please tell her fortune and the Madame proceeded: "In five years you shall sail for the great foreign

land of Africa as a medical missionary. You shall start this journey alone but before it is ended your heart and hand will have been pledged to another. The good which you shall do this benighted people will be incalculable."

The next seeker of fortune was Elizabeth, whose voice I recognized as she said: "Now, Madame Eda, I want you to tell me something good." I could not hear what Madam said, but again Elizabeth's voice broke in: "Suffragette? Oh, yes, I'll give platform speeches alright, and urge my sisters to forge onward to obtain their rights."

Bertha followed Elizabeth. Madam's voice was distinct as she said: "You shall soon be mistress of a lordly country mansion, and have a coach and four at your disposal. Your life shall be one of ease and enjoyment, and your greatest sorrow the daily departure of your lord and master."

As there were only one or two girls who had not consulted Madam Eda, I thought the wisest plan would be for me to get back into the reception room before the crowd left. I slipped in, and as conversation was at such an excited pitch my entrance escaped notice.

Emilie was now in Madam Eda's clutches. In a moment she rushed in exclaiming: "My ideal is to be realized. Just wait until you see 'yours truly' on the back of *The Cosmopolitan*. Honestly she says I'm to be the model of the Harrison Fisher girls. Soon I'll make my debut on the title page of 'The Princess,' Harold Bell Wright's latest novel."

We could hardly wait for Mary Evelyn to reappear. Her stately entrance was quite a contrast to our eager impatience. Finally we learned that she would become Professor of Expression at Vassar. She would first, however, take a special course in the Curry School of Expression.

That night as Mary Evelyn was studying economics and I was writing my prophecy, our minds wandered back to the afternoon's experience.

A sudden inspiration came to me to use those fortunes as my prophecy.

ANNIE LEWIS DRAKE, Prophet.

Will of the Class of 1913

R NOW all men by these presents: That I, Mary Gibbes Mitchell, in behalf of the class of 1913, of Chicora College, of the city of Greenville, State of South Carolina, considering the certainty of our immediate departure from this present life, the grief of our former associates, and our own wealth and unusual talents, do hereby attempt to pacify each and every one by some small remembrance.

Item I. I, Catherine Murchison, do will and bequeath my slender and graceful figure to Margaret Smith, and my dignity to Laura McGarity. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath my golden locks to Vera Murrah; I do also leave my love of science to Alma Barentine, hoping that she will use it in the same way that I did.

Item II. I, Emilie Holladay, being of sound and sane mind, do will and bequeath to Dr. S. C. Byrd my abounding knowledge of the Greek language; to Zelma Johnson I do leave my melodious voice; and to May Graham my diminutive stature and my Senior robe.

Item III. I, Frances Burgess, do will and bequeath to Annie Fellers my privilege of sitting in the window to get fresh air. Furthermore, I leave with a breaking heart my perfectly good five magic hair-curlers to Jack Massey.

Item IV. I, Bertha McCutchen, do will and bequeath to Dora Black my ability to flirt and my joy of receiving letters from Clemson; also I do give, devise, and bequeath to Eloise Steele my privilege of going to the library to get material for my essay. Furthermore, I do leave to Bolling Rice my love of science.

Item V. I, Essie Doar, do hereby will and bequeath to Lula Pender my Senior dignity. To the "Union Girls" I do bequeath my privilege of receiving flowers and Furman colors. We, the inmates of No. 4, first floor, do hereby will and bequeath our beloved room to the large army of rats with whom we have been so long and pleasantly associated.

Item VI. I, Elizabeth McNeill, do hereby will and bequeath my expensive "American" watch to the Junior Physics class, hoping that they will not forget the number of seconds they work in the laboratory. Also I most graciously will my unusual quietness to talkative Irene Sanders, hoping that it will have the desired effect on her tantalizing tongue.

Item VII. I, Willie Covington, do will and bequeath to Lilly Adams my sylph-like form; my special privilege of sleeping in Cabinet meetings I leave to Lena Atkins. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath to Prof.

Berghauser my copy of the "Carmen's Whistle," hoping that he will receive as much pleasure from playing it as I did.

Item VIII. I, Ruth Randolph Harris, do joyfully will and bequeath my Titian locks to Dr. H. H. Bellamann; my privilege of leading the line I will to Agnes Severance. My green couch cover and pillow I dedicate to the "Union Room."

Item IX. I, Ione Rowell, do will and bequeath to Ferol Moore and Annie Fellers, my knowledge of the heroes, "Adam" and "David;" my desire to visit China to Emmie Nesbit. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath my fondness for the classic "Homer" to Ollie Simpson. My enthusiasm over Furman serenades I leave to Azile Bozerman and Zora Merritt.

Item X. I, Anna Puett, do hereby will and bequeath my habit of being late to meals to Irene Turner; my knowledge of logarithms I leave to Marie Jackson. Furthermore, I leave to Mary Edmunds my place on all musical programs.

Item XI. I, Lewis Drake, do will and bequeath to Vera Murrah and Ruth McCardell my very marked affinity for "Social Committee" meetings. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath to Sallie Armstrong my privilege of hearing lectures on marriage in Senior Philosophy. Furthermore, I do will to Irene Turner my ability to arise at second bell and get to breakfast on time.

Item XII. I, Ethelyn Owens, do hereby will and bequeath my knowledge of Philosophy to Dr. S. C. Byrd. My "Gift of Gab" I will to Mary Edmunds, Ellen Matheson, and Lula Pender to be divided equally among the three.

Item XIII. I, Helen Turner, do will and bequeath my desire for curly locks to my next-door neighbor, Myrtle McKeown, hoping that she will overcome nature with implements of man's device. I also will to Ruth McCardell my vocal organs so that she may audibly render, "Any Little Girl" at the next Minstrel the "Social Committee" presents.

Item XIV. I, Mabel Sanders Hartness, do hereby will and bequeath my prominent and important place in all basket-ball games, with G. F. C. to Ferol Moore. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath my ability to flirt with the Furman boys to Azile Bozeman, and my privilege of receiving mail from Clemson to Stella Bethune. To Elizabeth Fant, I bequeath my privilege of receiving callers twice a month.

Item XV. I, Mary Evelyn Brown, do hereby cheerfully will and bequeath to Lena Atkins my tendency toward everything light, frivolous, giddy and undignified, hoping that she will, in spite of all, be able to conduct herself in a becoming manner. I also leave to Margaret Graham a

certain quality of a certain Senior's personality which she wonderingly admires.

Item XVI. I, Mary Land, do will and bequeath to my room-mate, Susie Johnson my dislike for fresh air on a cold wintry night. To Judith Abraham, my other room-mate, I hereby will all my Senior dignity. I do also heartily will to Willie Armstrong my dislike for Furman boys, hoping that she will use this privilege advantageously.

Item XVII. I, Helen Goldsmith, do hereby will and bequeath my great skill in curling my hair to Beulah Bryson. Second, I will and bequeath my privilege (?) of flirting with the Furman boys to Azlie Boze-man with the hope that she will use this privilege to the best of her ability. Third, I do gladly will to the members of the Senior class of 1914 my knowledge of Economics.

Item XVIII. I, Florence Steele, do hereby will and bequeath to Mamie Massey my curly hair and to Marietta Langford and Eloise Steele my great love for receptions.

Item XIX. I, Margaret Floyd, do give, devise and bequeath to Harriet Mitchell my love for walking into chapel late every morning. I also will to Dr. H. H. Bellamann my extreme love of silence. To Mrs. Evans I regretfully leave my wonderful "Gift of Gab" with the hope that she will not abuse this talent to any unlimited extent.

Item XX. I, Mary Gibbes Mitchell, do will and bequeath to Miss Tillery my fond love for "Browning Monologues," with the hope that she will appreciate the deep ethical teaching of them as much as her devoted pupil does. Furthermore, I do will and bequeath to May Taber and Lula Pender my privilege of taking a stroll in the afternoon (?) and my calm dignity I leave to my devoted and fickle sister, Harriet Mitchell. I also give, devise, and bequeath to Margaret Nickel, my arduous duties as lawyer of the class of nineteen hundred and thirteen, with the sincere hope that she will perform all legal transactions with the same ability that I have exhibited.

Item XXI. It is hard for the class of 1913 to part with these treasures enumerated here below, but we sincerely hope that the recipients will derive great pleasure from these wonderful gifts which we so begrudgingly leave behind us as we travel upward on the path of life. Our faults we leave to the largest ash barrel in Chicora College.

All superfluous knowledge we unwillingly bequeath to the survivors: to our beloved faculty we give, devise and bequeath all microscopes left by the Senior class, with the hope that in the future they will have no difficulty in discovering all study hall breakers. Our tears we leave to the fountains on the campus, believing that they will always overflow; to

Miss Godfrey we leave one pair of Dutch shoes, hoping that this small gift will be a wise substitute for rubber heels.

Sadly we leave to the Juniors our stately seats in chapel; to the Sophomores, our sister class, we leave our best love.

In witness whereof the said class of 1913 by its duly authorized officers, Mary Evelyn Brown, its president, and Anna Puett, its secretary, has hereunto set its name and affixed its corporate seal on this the twentieth day of May, Anno Domini, one thousand, nine hundred and thirteen and in the one hundred and thirty-seventh year of its sovereignty and independence of the United States of America.

CLASS OF 1913.

CORPORATE

SEAL

By MARY EVELYN BROWN, President,

and

ANNA PUETT, Secretary.

Signed, sealed, published, pronounced and declared by the above-named testator, Class 1913, [by its president, Mary Evelyn Brown and its secretary, Anna Puett] as and for its last will and testament, in the presence of us, present at the same time, who, at the express request of said testator, in its presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses on the day and year last above set forth.

WITNESSES:

MISS JEAN WITHERSPOON

DR. H. H. BELLAMANN

MISS MARY GUY

Class Rhyme

Come o'er the bridge, then up the hill
To dear Chicora, if you will,
And you shall meet each girl, I ween,
Belonging to the class thirteen.

Just twenty members make the class,
And each one is a charming lass,
Each one is fair, and each is true
To teachers, friends, and college, too.

First, let me bring before you now,
Mary Evelyn Brown, who'll show you how
A first-class president to make,
For such she's proved without mistake.

Good Helen G. and Lewis Drake,
Such fine class officers they make;
The latter is of limb so free
That for three years she's won a "C."

Sweet Mary M. and Margaret Floyd,
Each say that they've this year enjoyed.
In gaining every kind of knowledge,
Any girl should learn at college.

How great the joy that they can know
As music from the keys doth flow,
Will Mabel H. and Florence Steele
Their love for Art just now reveal.

And Frances Burgess, Essie Doar,
With those above, we now have four,
Who're ranked as Music Seniors now,
And at this shrine do pay their vow.

And Mary Land, the loving friend
To all who care some time to spend
With her in work, in school, in play,
This girl's a friend on every day.

And Willie sits with anxious brow,
Wondering when, and why, and how
It all will ever come about
That she can get the ANNUAL out.

A manager of no mean kind,
Elizabeth McNeill you'll find.
She's worked so hard for this year's ANNUAL
Her friends would judge her work's most manual.

A girl so full of fun is she
Of mirth, and larks, and jollity,
Is Cathrine M., whom we admire,
And of her jokes we never tire.

Just two diplomas doth she hold,
Her hair the poets might call gold.
Randolph's the very kind of girl
Her loving classmates call a "pearl."

Such girls as these you'll rarely see,
Their "dips." are L.I. and A.B.
Ione and Bertha are the maids;
Our memory of these never fades.

A voice hath she so rich and rare,
That with no one doth she compare.
So Ethelyn sings, and Ethelyn plays,
And thus gives music all her days.

This girl? Her name is Helen Turner,
She's dearly loved; none can spurn her.
And Anna Puett, true and kind,
This gift is her's, a rare bright mind.

Our special in expression, look!
Ruth Smith is quite a fashion book.
A lesson is her dearest treasure,
And study always seems her pleasure.

She's lean, she's lank, she's long, this lass,
This would-be poet of the class.
She likes her Latin book so much
No other lesson would she touch.

I've told you now about each maid,
A few more lines, my rhyme is said.
With wishes best for each of you,
Yes, teachers, chums, and college true.

I bid farewell to every soul,
Who has looked with patience on the roll
Of numerous Seniors now who tell
To each and all their last farewell.

May every blessing come to you,
My loyal classmates, kind and true,
May nowhere happier class there be,
Than this one of one nine one three.

EMILIE HOLLADAY, '13.



Junior Class

MOTTO: "*Nulla victoria sine labore*"

FLOWER: *Marechal Niel Rose*

COLORS: *Black and Gold*

OFFICERS

MARIE JACKSON	<i>President</i>
LULA PENDER	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY EDMUNDS	<i>Secretary</i>
LENA ATKINS	<i>Historian</i>
MARGARET GRAHAM	<i>Editor</i>



JUNIOR CLASS

Members Junior Class

Judith Abraham
Lena Atkins
Almer Barentine
Stella Bethune
Henree Buchanan
Roxie Dixon
Mary Edmunds
Elizabeth Fant
Margaret Graham

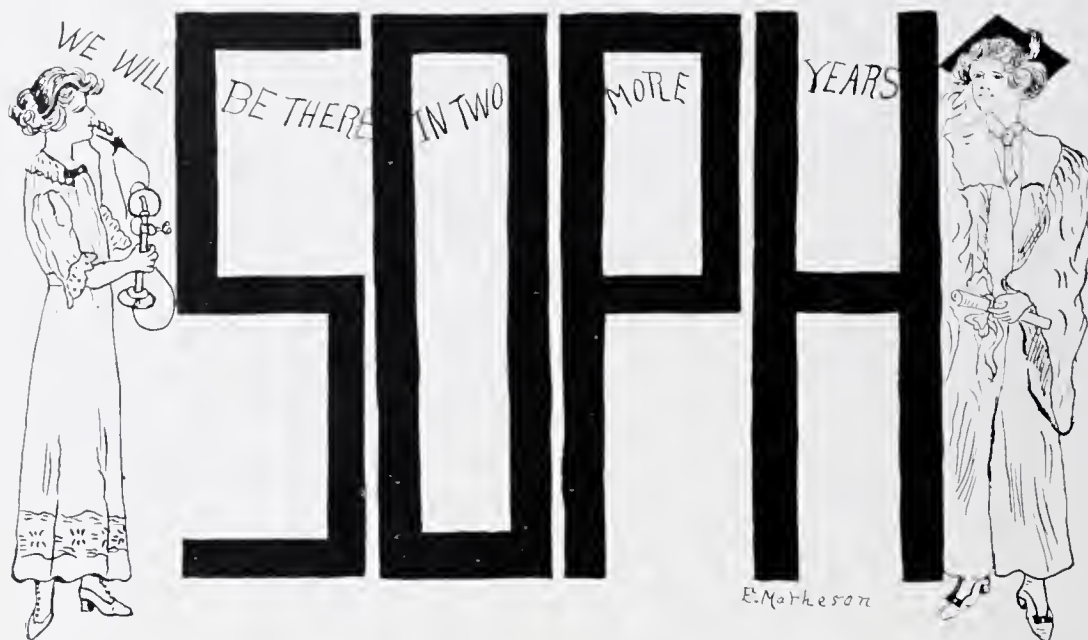
May Graham
Nita Hunter
Marie Jackson
Susie Johnson
Marietta Langford
Mary Mayes
Ruth Morrison
Celeste McKeown

Margaret Nickell
Lula Pender
Irene Saunders
Agnes Saverance
Eloise Steele
Irene Turner
Mary Wade
Grace West
Belle Yongue

An Ambition, Horace III Ode 30

I have reared here a monument
More lasting far than brass;
The corroding strength of element
And storms these lines surpass,
And the majesty of pyramids; the flight
Of countless years and time's swift roll—
These shall ne'er destroy them—light
Of life shall keep my soul;
Tho' death shall claim this passing life,
And generations come and go,
My memory shall be ever rife,
My power shall with the ages grow.
While the pontifex and maiden still
The Capitol shall enter;
Where the rushing streams the valleys fill;
In a desolate home where center
A rustic people in a land of thirst;
From low estate and endless rote,
I shall ever exalted be as the first
To chant sweet song to Italian note.
Assume the proud honor, Melpomene,
Won by thy aid alone;
My locks entwine most graciously
With laurel to the Muses known.

LENA PARHAM ATKINS, '14.



Sophomore Class

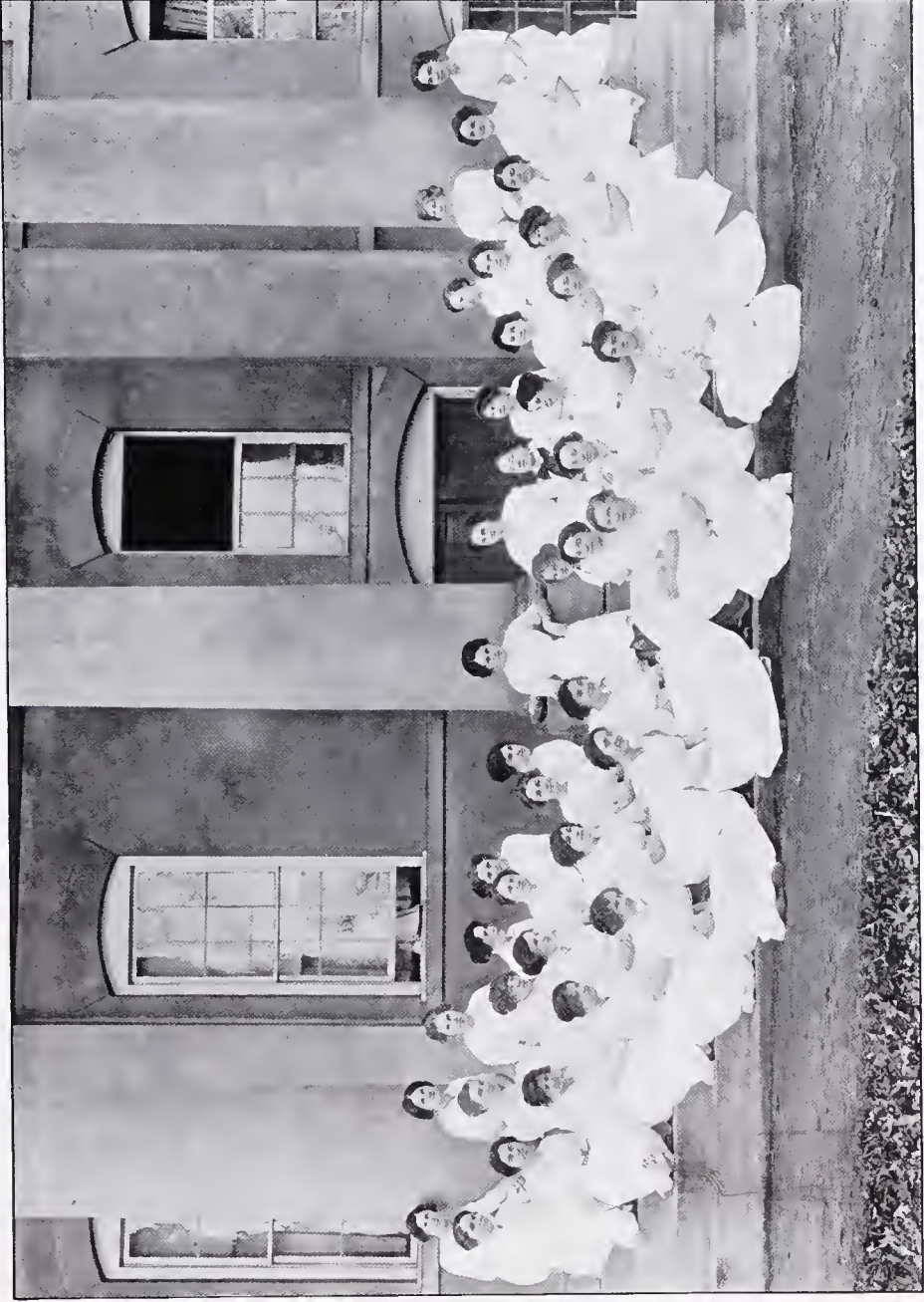
MOTTO: *Ad astra per aspera*

COLORS: *Navy and Gold*

FLOWER: *Sweet-pea*

OFFICERS

GRACE THORNE	<i>President</i>
EMMIE FERRELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
JENNIE ENGELS	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MARY JONES	<i>Historian</i>
ELLEN MATHESON	<i>Editor</i>



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Members Sophomore Class

Louise Awtrey	T. Craig Hunter	Clio Norris
Louise Bates	Annie Jinkinson	Cecil Owings
Bettie Batson	Kathleen James	Lucile Philipps
Dora Black	Mary Jones	Cattie Russell
Annie Boyd	Bessie Kemp	Marguerite Simpson
Beulah Bryson	Alethia Mayes	Ollie Simpson
Emma Cathcart	May McFall	Mae Taber
Margaret Clowney	Addie McWhirter	Grace Thorne
Esther Dorroh	Annie Lou McDaniel	Nan Vincent
Mary Dusenbury	Inez Morris	Julia Wade
Jennie Engels	Ellen Matheson	Tena Wise
Annie Fellers	Myrtle McKeown	Margaret Stokes
Emmie Ferrell	Emmie Nesbit	Grace Wyatt
Lillie Mae Hughes	Jessie Norris	Vera Murrah

History of Sophomore Class

HERE is no day in all of a girl's college course more memorable than the one on which she first styles herself "a Sophomore." This day was for us, the Sophomores of 1912, one which we shall never forget. In striking contrast to September 14, 1911, September 14, 1912, dawned bright and fair, truly a "red letter" day in our memories. Completely forgotten was that gloomy day, a year before, when first we climbed Chicora's hill as verdant Freshmen, to be trampled under foot by dignified Seniors, experienced Juniors, and wise Sophomores.

Now the tables were turned and we, "Wise Sophomores" ourselves, shrugged our shoulders and condescendingly glanced at the "new girls." Of course we were "lovely" to the Freshmen and tried to show ourselves friendly, but underneath it all each felt that one-half of the whole globe rested on her shoulders alone.

Such sentiments as these, however, preceded our first month in chemistry, just as "pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall." But we found chemistry only one of the many misfortunes of the Sophomore and ere the year was far advanced we were all ready to say with Francis Bacon, "All rising to great place is by a winding stair; the standing is slippery and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse."

In spite of all these hardships, we now find ourselves near the close of the Sophomore year, having passed through the deep waters of affliction and nearing the long-desired reward—promotion to the Junior class. It is true that some have fallen by the wayside, while others have barely kept up. Yet the majority have diligently labored and proved true to the class motto, though often inclined to emphasize the second part—"Ad Astra per aspera."

MARY JONES, Historian.



Freshman Class

MOTTO: *Fides ad finem*

COLORS: *Purple and Gold*

FLOWER: *Violet*

OFFICERS

NELL McLEES	President
LOUISE PARSONS	Vice-President
LOUISE McQUEEN	Secretary and Treasurer
LOUISE PARSONS	Historian
ARTELEE PUETT	Editor



FRESHMAN CLASS

Members Freshman Class

Ella Adams
Emilie Adams
Frances Adams
Lillie Adams
Margaret Attaway
Mayme Bearden
Sallie Booser
Helen Caldwell
Grace Carpenter
Frances Cauble
Ethel Cobb
Edith Cox
Bruce Crosby
Helen Darby
Carmen Evans
Rose Evans
Eilleen Floyd
Rosa Garner
Charlie Garrison
Carrie Gee
Janie Griffin
Marie Hall

Zelma Johnson
Emily Jordan
Mary Jordan
Emma Kerr
Letitia Key
Janie Kilgore
Mildred Kilgore
Mary Hanna Kimsey
Corinne Little
Fronde Livingston
Mabel Livingston
Mamie Massey
Ruth Meacham
Zora Merret
Mary Miller
Harriet Mitchell
Ferrel Moore
Geneva Morrison
Ruth McCardell
Laura McGarity
Eugenia McGregor

Nell McLees
Louise McQueen
Agnes Nesbitt
Dorothy Officer
Louise Parsons
Grace Pettus
Artelee Puett
Maude Redmond
Carrie Reynolds
Helen Seyle
Maysie Seyle
Blanch Smith
Louise Smith
Margaret Smith
Marguerite Snowden
Vera Stricklin
Beatrice Sykes
Molivia Taylor
Maude Wilson
Angeline Wofford
Cola Wood
Virginia Wood

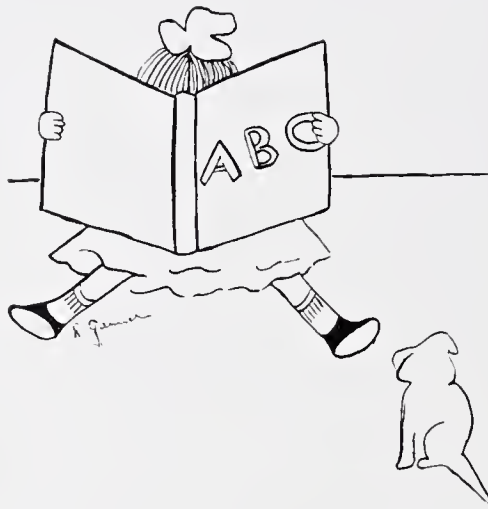
History of the Freshman Class

WE, the class of 1916, came to Chicora College on September, 1912. Shall we ever forget our first ride on the car to the college? We hardly knew whether we were glad or sorry we had come, for although we were about to realize our great desire and actually enter college, everything was so strange that we were almost ready to turn back.

After our arrival, days of home-sickness and tears brought us to the conclusion that college life was not all fun and frolic. But the visits of the old girls soon cheered us, and it was not long before we were hard at work. Even the dignity of the unapproachable Seniors did not daunt us, when one was heard to exclaim: "These Freshmen are sharp enough to stick into the ground, and green enough to grow."

At our first class meeting the following officers were elected: President, Nelle McLees; vice-president, Louise Parsons; secretary and treasurer, Louise McQueen. Under the leadership of these girls we hope some day to be the greatest graduating class in the history of Chicora.

LOUISE PARSONS, Historian.



Sub-Freshman Class

COLORS: *Purple and Lavender*

FLOWER: *Violet*

OFFICERS

SARAH CONYERS	<i>President</i>
MARY EMMA GEE	<i>Vice-President</i>
NINA CARPENTER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>



MEMBERS

Annie Barr
 Kathryn Bridgman
 Claudia Buchanan
 Nina Carpenter
 Sarah Conyers
 Susie Crawford

Sallie Dixon
 Margie Gaston
 Mary Emma Gee
 Parolie Goldsmith
 Emma Key

Margaret Parker
 Eugenia Riley
 Josie Reid
 Cecil Rogers
 Essie Rogers
 Sarah Williams



Special Class

COLORS: *Black and Yellow*

FLOWER: *Black-Eyed-Susan*

OFFICERS

LULA GAILLARD	<i>President</i>
NELL MURRELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
SALLIE ARMSTRONG	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
NELL MURRELL	<i>Editor</i>



MEMBERS

Leota Aiken
Sallie Armstrong
Octavia Arrington
Tulia Daniel
Bess Furr

Lula Gaillard
Louis Lipscomb
Isabelle Massey
Hazel Morris
Nell Murrell
Ida McCrary

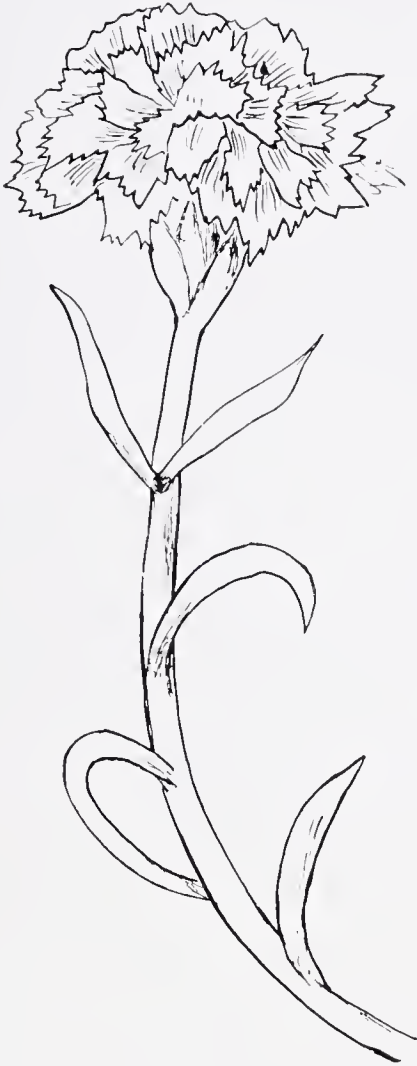
Hazel Norwood
Belle Peden
Lula Roberts
Laura Roberts
Bolling Rice

Rhyme of the Ancient Senior

Ten little Seniors, ranged in line,
One flunked English, then just nine.
Nine little Seniors at this date,
One caught flirting, then there were eight.
Eight little Seniors (wished they were 'leven),
One cut breakfast, then just seven.
Seven little Seniors, now in a fix,
One forgot uniform—left? Just six.
Six little Seniors, all these alive,
But one took measles, then only five.
Five little Seniors, not a one more,
One broke study-hall, then there were four.
Four little Seniors, lonesome as can be,
One missed chapel, then just three.
Three little Seniors, all quite blue,
One got a box, and that left two.
Two little Seniors, now no fun,
One slipped to West End, then just one.
One little Senior, she tried to run,
Rolled down the hill—then there were none.

EMILIE HOLLADAY, '13.

Literary Societies



Kratian Presidents of '12-'13



RUTH RANDOLPH HARRIS



SARAH ESTHER DOAR

Kratian Literary Society

MOTTO: *Age quod agis*

FLOWER: *Marechal Niel Rose*

COLOR: *Gold*

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

RANDOLPH HARRIS	President
NETTA ENGELS	Vice-President
ESSIE DOAR	Recording Secretary
KATHLEEN JAMES	Corresponding Secretary
VERA MURRAH	Treasurer
ANNA CUTTINO	Marshals
LOUISE PARSONS	
ALLEEN BISHOP	

SECOND TERM

ESSIE DOAR	President
MARY EDMUNDS	Vice-President
MARY WADE	Recording Secretary
CATHERINE MURCHISON	Corresponding Secretary
ESTHER DORRAH	Treasurer
MARIETTA LANGFORD	Marshals
MAE TABER	
CARMEN EVANS	



KRATIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Kratian Literary Society

MEMBERS

Emily Adams
Lillie Adams
Lena Atkins
Louise Awtrey
Natalie Awtrey
Dora Black
Sallie Booser
Azalie Bozeman
Beulah Bryson
Henree Buchanan
Claudia Buchanan
Alma Barrentine
Emmie Cathcart
Essie Doar
Helen Darby
Lewis Drake
Esther Dorroh
Mary Edmunds
Jennie Engels
Carmen Evans
Rosa Evans
Elizabeth Fant
Annie Fellers
Virginia Griffin

Janie Griffin
Rose Garner
Randolph Harris
Marie Hall
Mabel Hartness
T. Craig Hunter
Kathleen James
Susie Johnson
Mary Jordon
Letitia Key
Emma Kerr
Janie Kilgore
Mildred Kilgore
Marietta Langford
Mamie Livingston
Frona Livingston
Nellie Lovingood
Isabelle Massey
Mamie J. Massey
Ruth Meacham
Vera Murrah
Mary Miller
Katherine Murchison
Ida McCrary

Bertha McCutcheon
Louise McQueen
Addie McWhorter
Ferrel Moore
Cecil Owings
Louise Parsons
Lula Pender
Lucile Phillips
Boling Rice
Essie Rogers
Cecil Rogers
Cattie Russell
Agnes Saverance
Marguerite Simpson
Beatrice Sykes
Marguerite Snowden
Alma Steadman
Margaret Smith
Mae Taber
Molivia Taylor
Mary Wade
Julia Wade
Angeline Wofford

Palladian Presidents of '12-'13



ANNA PUETT



MARY LAND

Handwritten signature

Palladian Literary Society

MOTTO: *Strive after Excellence*

COLOR: *Red*

FLOWER: *Red Carnation*

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

ANNA PUETT	<i>President</i>
MARY LAND	<i>Vice-President</i>
WILLIE COVINGTON	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
NAN VINCENT	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
GRACE THORNE	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELLEN MATHESON }	<i>Marshals</i>
IRENE TURNER }	
INEZ MORRIS }	
RUTH MORRISON	<i>Historian</i>

SECOND TERM

MARY LAND	<i>President</i>
JUDITH ABRAHAM	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARIE JACKSON	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
SALLIE ARMSTRONG	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
OLLIE SIMPSON	<i>Treasurer</i>
KATHRYNE BRIDGMAN }	<i>Marshals</i>
ENIMIE FERREL }	
LOUISE BATES }	
GRACE THORNE	<i>Historian</i>



PALLADIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Palladian Literary Society

MEMBERS

Judith Abraham
Sallie Armstrong
Willie Armstrong
Mary Bates
Louise Bates
Stella Bethune
Annie Boyd
Mary E. Brown
Frances Burgess
Kathryne Bridgman
Mamye Bearden
Helen Caldwell
Margaret Clowney
Ethel Cobb
Willie Covington
Bruce Crosby
Susie Crawford
Roxie Dixon
Sallie Dixon
Mary Dusenbury
Emmie Ferrel
Eileen Floyd
Mary Emma Gee
May Graham
Margaret Graham

Lulu Gillard
Margie Gaston
Helen Goldsmith
Emily Holladay
Lillie Mae Hughes
Marie Jackson
Mary Jones
Zelma Johnson
Bessie Kemp
Mary Land
Corinne Little
Ellen Matheson
Zora Merritt
Inez Morris
Ruth Morrison
Geneva Morrison
Mildred Muldrow
Mae McFall
Celeste McKeown
Myrtle McKeown
Jean McGregor
Elizabeth McNeil
Ruth McCardell
Nell McLees
Laura McGarity

Nell Murriel
Emmie Nesbit
Ethelyn Owens
Dorothy Officer
Anna Puett
Artelee Puett
Ione Price
Laura Roberts
Ione Rowell
Dorothy Russell
Josie Reid
Ollie Simpson
Florence Steele
Eloise Steele
Irene Sanders
Vera Strickling
Louise Smith
Blanche Smith
Grace Thorne
Helen Turner
Irene Turner
Tena Wise
Grace Wyatt
Maude Wilson
Nan Vincent

A Message

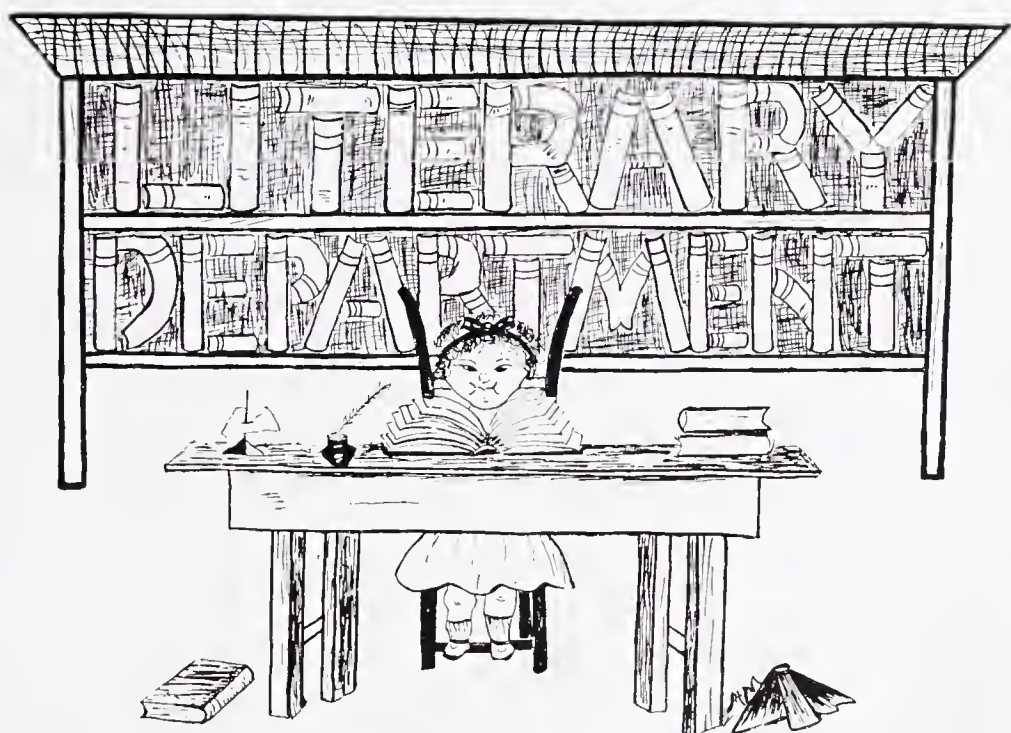
In the calm of a summer's evening
When the last gleam of daylight had fled,
And each shadow that chases the sunbeams
Was nestled close in its bed.

'Ere the lamps of the night were set burning
By the hand of their Maker near,
And only a whipporwill's wailing,
Greeted my listening ear.

A voice from the calm and the stillness,
Floated out on the listening air,
A message of hope and of gladness
Forbidding my soul despair.

Think not of thy failures; thou dreamer,
But the gladness and joys of the day,
And the cares of thy heart and thy troubles
Will soon be fleeting away.

M. E. BROWN, '13.



Mammy Sue's Story

ONE cold, rainy afternoon in February we children had played all the games we could think of and were standing looking mournfully out of the window, when Mammy Sue broke the silence. "Law, chilluns, has I ebber told you 'bout de time we pounded our preacher?" This drove the gloom from our faces, for we knew a story was coming.

"No, Mammy, tell us about it," I said, and we seated ourselves to listen to what she had to say.

"But, Mammy, did you say that you *pounded* the preacher? I don't think that was a vefy nice way to treat him," said Edwin.

"Now, honey, you jes' wait till I tells you 'bout dis, an' den you'll see dat we nebber done him no harm.

"Well, it wuz one preachin' day dat Brudder Abram Peace, our preacher, says, 'Dar will be a meetin' of de Ladies Society at de close of dese survices.' We waited till all de men folks got out de church, an' den Miss Emmeline Bobo, de president ob de Society, she marches up to de front ob de pulpit as important like as she had been de president ob de United States. Den Emmeline, she says, 'Sisters, we am met to-day to consider sumpen ob great importance. As you all knows we is behind wid our preacher's pay, an' I thinks it am our bounden duty to do sumpin to help him and his fambly. Whut does de rest ob you think about de matter?'

"Den Miss Josiah Avery, she riz up kinder biggity like. She allus wuz one ob dem fine feelin' niggers. Well, she got up an' say, 'Miss President, I agrees wid whut you said eggsactly. I moves dat we gives de preacher a donashun party.' At dat, Mandy Sullivan, in spite of her rheumatiz, got up sorter quick like an' say, 'Whut in de world am a donashun party, Sally Avery, please 'splain yo'self?' Well, dat kinder made Sally mad, an' she say, 'I mean a poundin', you knows whut a poundin' is, don't you?' 'Well, why don't yo' say whut yo' means, den,' says Mandy.

"Den Emmeline stopped de fuss by axing if de udder ladies wanted to hab de poundin'. Eberyone say dat dey thinks dey did, so it wuz soon settled dat we would all go to Brudder Peace's house de next Sadday night. We 'cided to 'vite all de men-folks an' de young folks, too. Us women folks wuz to take cakes an' pies an' de like; de men wuz to take stovewood, taters, an' sich things; an' de young folks wuz to hab a party at de church. You know de preacher's house wuz right at de church, but, ob cose, de house wouldn't near hold de people, so it 'peared to be no harm to hab de party in de church. Least dat's whut most of 'em thought.

I didn't like de idee frum de fust, an' I stuck to de 'pinon dat it wuz wrong. But dat's not telling you chilluns 'bout de poundin'.

"Well, you nebber is in all yo' life seed sick fixins as wuz done. Eberyone tried to see which could cook de best cakes an' pies. An' you needen say nothing 'bout it, but dey all say dat yo' old Mammy, herself, cooked de best cake dat wuz took dat night.

"Well, at last Sadday night come, eben if it had seemed like it nebber would get dar.

"We had told Brudder Peace's wife dat we wuz comin' so as she could hab her house cleaned up. Brudder Peace didn't know a bref ob it do, an' it wuz too funny to see his eyes git bigger an' bigger when de people kep' comin'.

"I thinks eberyone ob de church members come. An' sich a load of good things to eat! Dar wuz ebber kind of cake you could think ob; an' fried chicken, biled chicken, stewed chicken an' all kinds ob chicken you could menchun. An' lawdy, babies, I does believe dar wuz nuff tater custards to a fed old Phar'oh's army itself. Dis wuz in September so eberybody had more taters than anything. Some of de women fotch canned fruit, jelly an' 'serves. De women nebber done it all do, for de men shorely done deir part. Dey fotch wood, corn, an' taters enuff to last de preacher an' his fambly nearly all winter.

"Ebery time somebody would come in wid sumpin Brudder Peace 'ud say, 'Thank de Lawd!' I tells you, honeys, it wuz enuff to make eben de meanest sinners feel 'ligious to hear dat man praise de Lawd.

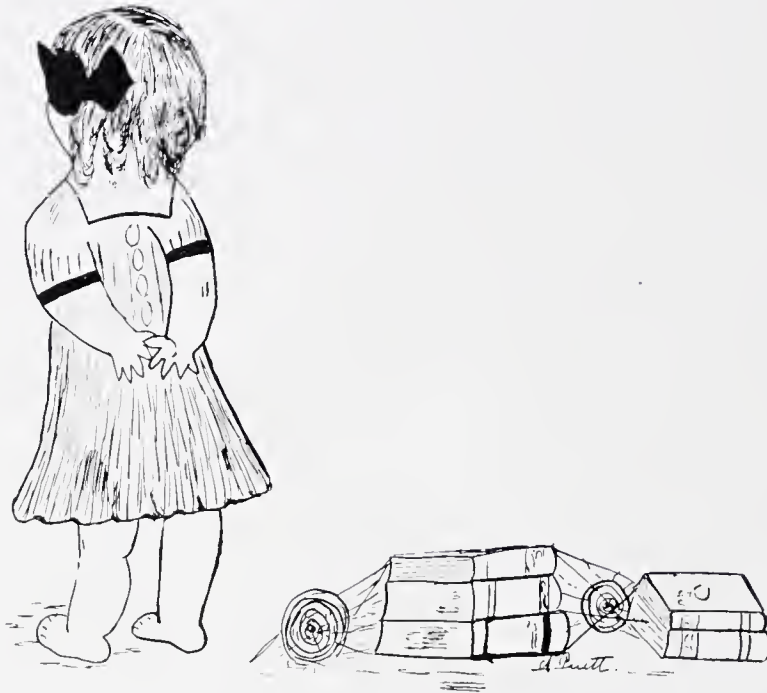
"Well, all us old folks sot down an' talked for a good while 'bout how de cotton crap wuz lookin' an' udder things ob interest. Den we heerd sich a noise over at de church, dat Brudder Peace 'lowed as we had best go over an' see whut wuz de trouble. An' whut do you reckon it wuz? Why, dem triflin' young niggers wuz a habing a reg'lar dance, 'stead ob settin' down and co'tin' like all udder 'spectable niggers. Dey had moved all de benches back aginst de wall, an' when we got to de church dey wuz more dan habing dem a good time. Big Jake Sullivan had brung his fiddle, Mose Bobo, his banjer, an' Lige Moore, his gittar. Day wuz playin' 'Go to de wedding', lil Sally Ann, jes as loud an' as fast as dey could, an' de rest ob de young folks wuz a dancin'. Ebery lil while, somebody 'ud holler out, 'Swing yo pardners, eberybody!' an' at dat sich anudder mix-up.

"Didn't none of 'em see us when we got dar, so we went 'round to de side do, an' de preacher went walking in jes as solemn like as it wuz a

fun'ral, 'stead ob a dance. Well, sir, de music an' dancin' shore did stop quick. Dem niggers wouldn't a looked no scarder if Gabriel had jes blowed his horn. Brudder Peace den got up in de pulpit an' told dem how sorry he wuz dat dey had so fur forgot de concentration of de church as to hab a dance dar. He shore did lexure, I tell you. Of cose, de young folks couldn't hab no mo fun dat night so dey soon pulled out home. Us old folks went back to de house, Brudder Peace got up an' thanked us for our kindness, an' den we left, too.

"Why, bress my soul, if my baby white chile ain't done gone fast asleep! Now, run 'long, chilluns, git ready fur supper. Sometime Mammy'll tell you alls 'bout de time Uncle Ike 'posed to her."

HELEN GOLDSMITH, '13.



Whimsical Spring

A touch of a snow-laden breezelet,
The breath of a July rose,
The promise of Indian summer,
The fragrance where violet blows.
Filled with the sweet, wild fancy,
Chained to a song of love,
Taught by the buzz of new life,
And the whisper of Heaven above.

Caught in a rainbow of day dreams,
Whipped by the hand of Fate,
Lost in the whirlwind of impulse,
Till redemption comes too late;
A man and a maid and a blossom,
A world desirous to sing;
A throb with the pulsing of heartbeats!
This is the whimsical Spring!

A. V. T.

Amor Omnia Vincit

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

FATHER RION	<i>A Priest</i>
ROSALEE	<i>Teacher in the Convent School</i>
MARIE	<i>A French Girl</i>
MOTHER STODDARD	} <i>Nuns in the Convent</i>
SISTER MARTHA	
SISTER ANN	
SISTER AGNES	

SCENE—The Convent and School of St. Agatha's.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Confessional at St. Agatha's. Enter Father Rion, looking at his watch.

FATHER RION—It is almost the hour for the morning confessions. Ah, here comes the first to confess. A strange face!

[Enter Rosalee.]

Welcome, daughter, what sin hath cast that shadow over thy countenance, and brought the wrinkles to thy fair brow?

ROSALEE—Ah, holy father, I have only been at the convent two days, and yet a guilty conscience draws me hither.

FATHER RION—The greatest sins can be forgiven though it require a lifetime to do penance for them.

ROSALEE—Father, my sin is due to a lack of patience. I spoke harshly to one of my little pupils, and now have need of forgiveness.

FATHER RION—Why, daughter, I thought that heavy cloud on your brow foreboded the confession of a greater sin than this, although impatience often leads to great evils.

[Rosalee kneels before the priest; he places his hand on her head, and offers prayer.]

FATHER RION—Daughter, go in peace, thy sin is forgiven thee.

ROSALEE—Adieu, holy father. [Exit.]

FATHER RION—Ah, she is the new teacher, and so young! And indeed her task is no light one, for some of those children would tax the patience of a saint. No doubt but that she will need advice often, and I must visit her school-room and see if I can be of any service to her.

SCENE II.

[Nuns walking in Convent Garden.]

SISTER ANN—Father Rion seems to have taken a great interest in the school the last few days. He has been there every day for a week and I just now met him on his way there again.

MOTHER STODDARD—Great interest in the school? I think rather in the new teacher. He only visits her room and consults her about everything.

SISTER ANN—But, Mother Stoddard, he is trying to help her in her work, and suggest what is best to do in certain cases. What would we do without him to go to with all our difficulties? Although he has been here scarcely two years, we depend upon him and look to him as if he were the oldest and most experienced priest here, instead of the youngest.

MOTHER STODDARD—Youngest! Yes, that is just what is the matter now. He's too young. His advice was wise so long as he listened to the more experienced, but you just see now, since he heeds the talk of that gay young creature, his opinion on important matters will not be so valuable.

SISTER MARTHA—Holy sisters, you must remember that youth is prone to seek companionship with youth, and thus they are led astray into the evil and corrupt ways of the world. They forsake the paths of righteousness and peace. But it is the unspeakable privilege of the old to seek the erring ones and bring them back to the fold.

[Enter Sister Agnes.]

SISTER AGNES—Holy sisters, do you know where I could find Father Rion at this hour?

MOTHER STODDARD—Yes, he is at the school. Come and we will go there together, for I want a word with him also. [Exeunt Sister A. and Mother S.]

SISTER ANN—Mother Stoddard seems to be rather sore over the fact that Father Rion has not asked her opinion on any subject lately. I am afraid she is jealous of the poor girl, for she thinks Father Rion seeks wisdom from a new source.

SISTER MARTHA—Yes, jealousy is the root of great evil, and it requires great determination and patience to overcome it. Come, let us retire and gossip no more.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Convent Garden at night.

[Enter Mother Stoddard and Rosalee.]

MOTHER STODDARD—Old women were not made to go prowling around after dark, locking gates and seeing that things are closed for the night. But the young ones can't be trusted alone. Mind, child, you will drop the light; you can gaze at the stars another night. Hush! is that Father Rion holding devotional exercises at this hour? [Music from window above.]

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me.
I count them over every one apart,
My ros-a-ry, My ros-a-ry."

MOTHER STODDARD (aside)—Devotional exercises indeed! My Rosalee! My Rosalee! I knew it was so. He loves her. He no more asks my advice, but seeks hers. [Music grows faint.]

"And there a cross is hung,"

ROSALEE (aside)—A cross is hung! Ah, yes, it's only too true—a cross—

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Convent Garden at night.

[Enter Father Rion.]

FATHER RION—A priest indeed! A Fool! A very wolf in sheep's clothing! A fool, I say; a fool! I must not think of her, of my love for her. 'Tis wrong. I am

forbidden to do so. Ah! I have followed too closely the heart's desires and devices, worshiping Astaroth blindly, the impious idols of Baal. This is the cross I must bear. Hark! Some one approaches.

[Enter Rosalee.]

FATHER RION—What duty brings thee out at this late hour, daughter?

ROSALEE—Holy father, I am going to lock the gate for the night. Mother Stoddard is not well to-night, so I have to perform my duty alone.

FATHER RION—You should not go alone, daughter. Let me go with you. How is the school work progressing? Do you ever become discouraged?

ROSALEE—Ah! no one knows how often, father. The responsibility is so great, and there are so many perplexing questions to decide. I try to keep cheerful, on my pupils' account, but oh! sometimes I get so blue and disheartened that I wish for someone to trust everything to—someone to lean on—

FATHER RION—Rosalee! lean on me! Trust your life to me forever—My own, my darling, Rosalee. [Puts his arm around her.]

ROSALEE—Father Rion! Beware! You forget your priestly vows!

FATHER RION—No matter what I am I love you! I love you, and that's all that matters.

ROSALEE—It would be wrong. It's forbidden. You must not tell me that! Oh, don't. [She weeps.]

FATHER RION—Rosalee, my darling, listen! You love me, don't you? Say you will marry me!

ROSALEE—Oh, no, it would be wicked! They would not let you.

FATHER RION—We will leave the convent and I will be a priest no more. [Puts his arm about her.] Say you love me, Rosalee.

ROSALEE—Oh, I do—but—what was that! Wasn't it somebody behind that bush?

FATHER RION—Hush, my darling! Can you be ready by to-morrow night? I will come beneath your window and call. Let it be midnight. Come to the basement door at the foot of the winding stairs. I have the key.

ROSALEE—I must go! They will be searching for me! To-morrow at midnight. Farewell.

[They embrace.]

FATHER RION—Adieu.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Convent.

[Enter Mother Stoddard, Sister Martha and Sister Ann.]

MOTHER STODDARD—A few night ago, Rosalee and I went to lock up everything, as usual, and we heard Father Rion as we passed his window, singing love songs to Rosalee, his Rosalee.

SISTER ANN—Maybe you misunderstood his words. This doesn't sound like Father Rion—he's true to the faith.

MOTHER STODDARD—Even if I am a little deaf I heard that distinctly and then again last night I was not feeling well, so I sent Rosalee alone, out to lock the gates and she stayed so long that I suspected something and went out to find her. As I passed those bushes near the school building I heard Rosalee and Father Rion talking together. He was making love to her, and mark my words, that will not be the end of it. They were planning something.

SISTER ANN—Oh, this could not be, for Rosalee seems to be trying to do her best and I see her often going to confess her little wrong-doings.

MOTHER STODDARD—Yes, a sweet sinner she is! She never confesses to any but Father Rion, you notice. If it were not for Rosalee Father Rion would not be going astray.

SISTER MARTHA—Yes, *Dux femina facti*.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Midnight in the Garden.

[Enter Father Rion.]

FATHER RION—Ah, all's quiet now. Everything is ready, and soon we will be safe outside the gates, the gates of the convent. Yes, and outside the gates of the Catholic Church. Ah, there she is now. [Whistles.]

[Rosalee disappears from window.]

SCENE IV.

In the Convent.

ROSALEE (to herself)—Now I must go, but if they hear me! Oh! I ought not to be doing this,—but he is waiting. [Softly leaves her room.] What if this is the wrong key and I can not get down the stairs. [Tries the key.] Oh! what was that? Is someone coming? Only a rat! How nervous I am. [Pushes the door open quickly.] If I should fall down these stairs!—yet I must hurry or they may find me. [Reaches bottom.]

ROSALEE—Father Rion! [Basement door opens.]

FATHER RION—Rosalee, come quickly—we must hurry. Our horses are waiting at the gate. Give me your arm, my darling, my Rosalee. [Exeunt.]

[The door at head of stairs slams.]

SCENE V.

Mother Stoddard's room at the Convent.

MOTHER STODDARD (aroused from sleep)—Marie, child, what was that? Didn't you hear a noise? [Shakes Marie.] It was that hall door. Oh, awake! [Goes into hall.] Yes, the door is unlocked. Look! Rosalee's is, too! They've gone! Father Rion and Rosalee. Child, child, come here!

[Marie rushes into hall.]

MARIE—*Oui! Oui!* Who's gone?

MOTHER STODDARD—Awaken everybody. Hurry, child! They will get away.

[Marie screams.]

MOTHER STODDARD—They'll never catch them. They have gone too far now.

[Enter several nuns, running.]

SISTER MARTHA—Child, calm yourself and tell us why our peaceful slumbers have thus so rudely been disturbed?

MARIE—*à Moi! à Moi! Ils sont allés. Father Rion et sœur Rosalee.*

[Mother Stoddard rushes downstairs and slips.]

MARIE—*à Moi!* Mother Stoddard has fallen.

[Nuns rush to her assistance.]

SISTER MARTHA—Bring her into my apartments,—the others return quietly to theirs. We will calmly investigate this affair in the morning. Ah, "Frailty, thy name is woman."

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Convent.

[Enter several nuns.]

SISTER ANN—How is Mother Stoddard this morning? I hope her fall did not injure her much.

SISTER MARTHA—Her feelings were wounded more than her body. She will be entirely herself again in a day or so.

[Enter Marie with a newspaper.]

MARIE—Here is la journal. It tells all about it. Someone do read it!

SISTER MARTHA—Give it to me, child. Here it is in big headlines. [Reads.]

"Sensational marriage. Catholic Priest marries a teacher in convent school. Father Rion, a noted and most highly esteemed Catholic priest of St. Agatha's, was married last night to Miss Rosalee Mason, a teacher in St. Agatha's School. Father Rion renounced his vows of priesthood. The bride and groom left on an early morning train for Texas, where they will make their future home."

[Enter Mother Stoddard.]

MOTHER STODDARD—So it's all in the paper now, is it? You didn't pay any attention to my words, but I told you so.

SISTER MARTHA—Ah, yes, *Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!*

[Exeunt.]

[THE END]

MARY MAYES, '14.



Ode to the Teacher

(WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING)

When our last school days are over,
And the books are finished and through;
When the latest theory is mastered,
And the oldest facts are as new,
We shall rest, and true, we shall need it,
Be free for a month or two,
'Till the call from the needs of the school-room,
Shall put us to work anew.

And those that worked hard shall be happy;
They shall sit with a confident air;
They shall use for enforcing obedience,
Any means whatsoever they dare.
They shall find great brains to work with,
Sally Ann, Johnnie and Joe,
They shall teach for hours at a sitting,
And oh, how tired they shall grow!

And there shall be no one to praise us, but
Ah! how many shall blame,
If in the course of teaching
We fail in the winning of fame.
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in her separate way,
Must expound the thing as she knows it,
Patiently, day by day!

MARY EVELYN BROWN, '13.

The Talent

THE shadows were lengthening and the dusk fast gathering, yet Dr. Stanly's pen moved with as much rapidity as it had two hours before. There was no sound in the tidy office save the ticking of the little French clock on the desk, and an occasional squeak of the office chair as its occupant turned to search his pigeon-holes for more paper.

Still writing with his right hand, Dr. Stanly raised his left to turn on the light just above his head. The sudden brilliance seemed to stun him, and reaching up again, he turned off the switch with a sigh of relief. It had become too dark to see now, so with another sigh, the poised pen was laid aside. Looking at the clock, the old man gave a little start, and rising from his chair, began walking to and fro across the room. At the window he paused, allowing his tired eyes to drink in the beauty of the glorious sunset. Before his immediate view there stretched a vista of green fields, while in the distance, tall chimneys and a lonesome spire rose with a defiant air. The distant glory in the west was fast fading, and as the last golden arc had sunk behind the hills, there came a knock at the office door. Scarcely waiting for an answer, Lucia Dean, tall, graceful, and slender, entered the room.

"Did you wish to see me, Dr. Stanly? The maid found me only a moment ago, saying she had been looking for me all afternoon, but I had gone out, and did not return until six o'clock." Still breathless she paused, and gazed earnestly into Dr. Stanly's face.

His reveries thus rudely broken, the white-haired president turned and slowly faced Lucia.

"Yes, my dear, I sent for you; sit down. I want to have a talk with you." Seeing the startled look on her face, he laughingly reassured her.

"No, no, you are not 'summoned.' I merely wanted to have a fatherly talk." Thus speaking he seated Lucia in the depths of his leather Morris chair, resuming his own place by the desk.

"I have the 'queers,' Doctor dear, and really feel all 'hugger-mugger;' don't be so serious!" Lucia spoke in her sprightliest tone, but her questioning brown eyes sought those of her companion in perplexity.

Assuming his characteristic attitude, hands clasped directly in front of him, leaning far back in the revolving chair, with the fine, white head thrown high, Dr. Stanly, the beloved president of Leslie Hall, gazed searchingly at the girl.

"What do you think I am going to talk to you about, Lucia?"

"Really, Dr. Stanly, I haven't the least idea; I've been quite inconspicuous this year—have done nothing exceedingly bad, nor yet have I distinguished myself by any strikingly noble deed."

Lucia paused and Dr. Stanly continued:

"That's just it, Lucia; I'm going to talk to you about yourself—and your inconspicuousness."

"Why, Doctor! Whatever *are* you going to say!" but the brown eyes dropped, and the white hands fumbled nervously with a handkerchief.

"Just this, my dear," replied the gentle voice, "you know I love you as a daughter and nothing would I say that might hurt you—but—" here the speaker hesitated, "I am not pleased with your conduct this year."

Still looking down, and in a voice quite calm and composed, Lucia replied: "Why, Dr. Stanly?"

"I think you already know, Lucia. Your conduct is neither good nor bad. You approve nothing, you condemn nothing. Your attitude toward everything is thoroughly luke-warm. In what are you heartily interested? Nothing. Yet concerning what do you express your decided disapproval? Nothing. Oh, my girl, where is your heart? From all appearances it's not here in your school work. Do you know that you are failing—failing utterly, day by day, simply because you commit yourself neither one way nor the other? And the cause for your failure is this: Your lack of sympathy and interest in mankind. Wake up to your responsibility, my girl!"

"But, Dr. Stanly, I can *do nothing*." Lucia's voice was almost tearful now, and her face certainly showed both interest and intensity. "I have no accomplishments worth mentioning; if I bend my efforts to attain anything in my school work, someone else snatches the prize before me, and Lucia Dean is not mentioned. I never *succeed* in what I undertake; that, Dr. Stanly, is one reason why I let myself drift instead of swimming. I wish *I* could help it; can't you, Doctor?"

The fatherly voice of the president, as ever sympathetic and kind, at length continued:

"That's just what I want to do. I am going to show you what you can, and are going to do; then you yourself must carry out my plans. First, my dear, you must work—not for success just as the world sees it, but for *true* success. You must be interested in your fellowmen, in their successes as much as in their failures. Be sympathetic, and as my parting injunction, before you retire to-night, read Matthew 25, 14 to 29. It is the parable of the Talents. You may have five talents, you may have two, and perhaps you have only one; the number is immaterial; the use

of the talent is that for which we shall be held accountable. Remember, it is wrong, it is sinful, to bury the gift, or gifts, God has given you."

"Thank you, thank you very much," breathed Lucia; "I see—even though I possess but one small talent I should be content with the amount, using it for my fellowmen. I think I have been selfish, Dr. Stanly—yes; selfish, envious, and covetous. But you have set my feet in the right path, and I am going to try to walk in it. Your interest in me helps me, and I want to pass on to others that assistance. Thank you very much. I—"

"You have grasped the situation more readily than I imagined, Lucia," exclaimed the president joyfully. "I am sure you are going to make good. I could not allow you, my best friend's daughter, to drift if I could help you. And now, my dear girl, we must both go, or we shall be late for tea. Report to me from time to time, and remember, I am daily watching your progress with loving interest."

"Boss, is you goin' home now? I mighty lak to shet up dat ocffie and git home befo' dark."

Turning around Dr. Stanly saw Gabe, his old family servant, before him.

"Certainly, Gabe, certainly, we are going now; you may go in a few minutes. Here are my keys; lock up and come early in the morning."

And hand in hand, as two children, Lucia and Dr. Stanly passed out, the door closing behind them.

* * *

"Where are the Springfield examinations to be held, Miss Law?" asked Lucia on the eve of the eventful day.

"In the English room at ten o'clock," was the terse reply—then with a bright smile, "I hope you're going to try for the scholarship, Lucia. It will mean so much not only for you but also for the college—and to Dr. Stanly. He seems particularly anxious for you to try the examinations, and asked me to encourage you to attempt them. If you succeed it will make the name of Leslie Hall famous, for it is really a contest among the foremost colleges of the Southern states to be ranked equal with this large Northern University."

"How many girls here expect to stand the examinations—do you know, Miss Law?" It was evident that Lucia was thoroughly interested, and her teacher noted the fact with pleasure.

"Only two have reported so far,—Marian Cauble and Kathryn Mayfield. So you see, Lucia, your chances *here* are among the best. A com-

mittee composed of some of the Leslie Hall faculty will look over the papers here before sending them to Springfield, and choose the best, only one set of examination papers being accepted from each college. I know that Kathryn has not spent much time in preparation for the test, but I think Marian has been working for some months. Poor girl! it would mean much to her could she win the scholarship, for unless she does her family's straightened circumstances are going to prevent any further college education for her in the future. But I must go; be sure to report at ten, Lucia," and with another smile, Miss Law departed.

There had been a decided change in Lucia Dean since October, when she and Dr. Stanly had discussed herself. Both her friends and teachers had noticed it, and commented among themselves. In Dr. Stanly's eyes there was a satisfied, contented and even joyous look, whenever his gaze rested upon his friend's daughter. Could such a change have been wrought between October and May? Yes, there it was: A determined carriage, an erect figure, a straight-forward look in the eyes, an interested, as well as interesting countenance, an animated tone—everything bespoke quiet activity and vigor.

To-day, however, there was a perplexed look in the big brown eyes, as Miss Law turned to leave. Why she had never thought of Marian Cauble's attempting the Springfield examinations. Of course, she would not win the scholarship even though she won first place at Leslie. But—Lucia stopped to consider—Marian's quiet knowledge of things and events, her unassuming brilliance, her wealth of expression, so cloaked in its gray garb of silence. Yes, Marian *might*, she might after all, and it meant so much, so much, to her. But what would Dr. Stanly think—and Miss Law? Then she remembered she had not told Miss Law in words that she would report at ten, though she had given the impression of so doing. But Dr. Stanly? Somehow she felt he would understand if he knew, even though Leslie Hall did not win the prize. But she could not tell him, and unless he knew she was sure to be misjudged.

"He said 'true success,'—it seems to me that this is the 'true success,' though neither I nor my Alma Mater succeed materially in this instance. It seems that I am not using my talent—but I wonder if there is such a thing as lending it to another for a season? Anyway, lending is better than burying,—and I am truly sympathetic."

With tight-set lips, and her eyes dim, Lucia walked slowly to her room. She had hardly entered her apartment, when she hurriedly locked the door, and threw herself across the bed in a storm of weeping.

The week set apart for the Springfield examinations had come and passed. Only two applicants had reported for the test, Lucia Dean not among them. In her manner there was a satisfied quietness, slightly tinged with a shade of sadness, but the light in her eyes was glad, and her step light.

Idly musing at her window one day late in May, her thoughts were broken by a knock at the door.

"Excuse me, Miss Lucia, but Dr. Stanly wants to see you in the office. He says it's late, but he's obliged to see you this afternoon."

Lucia's heart beat fast as she dismissed the maid, and hastened her steps toward the office. As she entered Dr. Stanly turned from the window just as he had done seven months before when Lucia had come in answer to his summons. Before he could say a word, Lucia went straight to him and put her hand in his.

"I am sorry, Dr. Stanly, so sorry, yes, more grieved than you know, that I have failed so miserably in your eyes. I can say nothing to defend myself, nor to excuse myself to Leslie Hall and you, but I can tell you this sincerely: Since our last long talk, I have honestly tried to use my talent, and in some instances I think I have attained the true success. This is all I can say, but won't you believe me, though now I seem so utterly to have buried the gift?"

The kind, gray eyes rested lovingly upon the upturned face, and a hand was laid gently upon her shoulder.

"I know what you think, my dear girl, but do you know my thoughts?" questioned the president.

Lucia looked into his eyes, but finding there nothing that she expected to see, answered slowly: "No, Dr. Stanly; tell me."

"Just this, Lucia Caxton Dean; that you have succeeded beyond my highest expectations. Don't interrupt me, now; wait until I have finished. Yes, I mean it! I know all: that you did not stand the Springfield examinations because you thought Marian Cauble might win the scholarship and that it would mean more to her than to you. I also know what a struggle it must have cost you to give up the trial after your arduous preparation. But I do know this: that you have used your talent in the best possible manner. You lent it to a neighbor, and your fellow-man has not misused it. Will it make you glad when I tell you that Marian won first place in the contest, and the name of Leslie Hall is fast becoming famous among colleges? I did not tell you that I knew of your sacrifice. Miss Law told me about it just after the examinations; she is a discerning woman—

until I fully ascertained Marian's victory. But now we are sure. Of course, Leslie Hall is proud of Marian, and I, as president of the institution, am more than delighted, but let me assure you, Lucia dear, that I feel much more pride in your success than in Marian's. You have exceeded my highest expectation as I have said before, and you have made me very, very happy."

"Oh, Dr. Stanly," softly breathed the girl. "Made *you* happy? It is I who am happy. Oh, this means so much to me! Thank you!"

And again the office door closed upon the happy president of Leslie Hall and its successful Senior.

EMILIE HOLLADAY, '13.



Amicae Exeuntes

Friends of the past four sessions,
Terms of the college life,
Passing into the future,
And the whirl of a busy life,
List 'ere we go
To the words ye should know
Of life and of love and its afterglow.

Ye have filled to its golden brimming
The hours and days of the years,
With the burning, the peace, and the passion,
That play as the microbes of tears.
In the mystical glow
Of the strange afterglow
May our love of the future e'er grow!

May the kiss of the coming goddess,
The spirit of life, gold-hued,
Break the dark of the would-be doubting
And stand in truth renewed.
Ah, comrades mine,
May you ever shine,
And stand in the light of love refined!

A. V. T.

Chicora Almaren

1913



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Chicora Almacén

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MYRTLE McKEOWN	<i>Poster</i>
ESSIE DOAR	<i>Music</i>
RUTH MORRISON	<i>Store</i>

Y. W. C. A. Calendar

SEPT. 11.—“WELCOME COMMITTEE.”

Both the old and the new girls were heartily welcomed to our college and from the beginning were made to feel at home.

SEPT. 14.—“ANNUAL FRESHMAN PARTY.”

This unique affair was enjoyed by the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, as well as by the honorees.

SEPT. 15.—“FIRST ASSOCIATION SERVICE.”

Address of welcome by the president; the aim and significance of the Association by the vice-president. The Association doors were opened for membership and a large per cent. of girls joined.

OCT. 13.—“ASHEVILLE REPORT.”

The enthusiastic reports of our four delegates were thoroughly enjoyed and many of their suggestions have helped us in our work.

OCT. 26.—“HALLOWE'EN PARTY.”

The gymnasium was effectively decorated for this occasion. In one corner a unique fortune-teller's den was constructed, in another there was a witch's cave, in which a typical witch drew fortunes from a huge black kettle. Several classrooms were converted into “Chambers of Horrors.” At the close of the evening the girls, as goblins and hob-goblins, gathered around the ghastly salt-alcohol flame and listened to a horrible ghost tale.

OCT. 27.—“ORGANIZATION OF MISSION CLASSES.”

After an earnest talk by Mr. Hester, of Furman University, our mission classes were organized. There are six courses of study in which about seventy girls are enrolled.

NOV. 22.—“LIGHT DRAMATIC EVENING.”

Chicora College.

8:30 o'clock, Friday evening, Nov. 22, 1912.

“My Lord in Livery.”

“A Pan of Fudge.”

“Zerubbabel's Second Wife.”

} Three farces given for the
benefit of the Y. W. C. A.

NOV. 29.—“STUDENT COUNCIL AT WINTHROP COLLEGE.”

Our Association was represented at this council by three girls. Our report was very gratifying.

DEC. 8.—“SOUTH CAROLINA MILL WORK.”

Miss May Jones, secretary of the sixteen Parker Mills of South Carolina, gave a most interesting account of her work. Miss Jones is a special favorite and we are always pleased to have her with us.

DEC. 13.—“ORGANIZATION OF BIBLE CLASSES.”

Mr. A. S. Johnston, of the First Presbyterian church made a convincing talk on Bible study. The leaders of the seven classes together with the cabinet members of the Y. W. C. A. form the normal class conducted by Mr. Johnston.

DEC. 15.—“MISS POWELL, FIELD SECRETARY.”

Miss Powell's visit was a source of much pleasure to us. She held meetings with every committee and also made a talk at our regular Y. W. C. A. service. The cabinet entertained her one afternoon with an attractive Japanese tea.

JAN. 26.—“SERVICE.”

Mrs. Byrd's paper on “Service” was one of the most beneficial we have ever had.

FEB. 8.—“MINSTREL.”

The Social Committee gave a minstrel in which about twenty girls took part. Songs, readings and jokes interested the appreciative audience for about an hour.

FEB. 9.—“DR. HUDSON.”

Dr. Hudson, returned Missionary from China, gave us an interesting and instructive talk. His subject was, “The Chinese Woman Minus Christianity, and the Chinese Woman Plus Christianity.” On this evening the annual election of Y. W. C. A. officers was held. The old cabinet met with the new for a month, in order that affairs might adjust themselves satisfactorily.

FEB. 16.—“MRS. H. J. HAYNESWORTH.”

Mrs. Haynesworth's address on “Working Girls in Greenville,” gave the association an insight into a new phase of Christian work.

FEB. 22.—“WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.”

The colonial reception was a grand success.

FEB. 23.—“WILL YOU BELIEVE?”

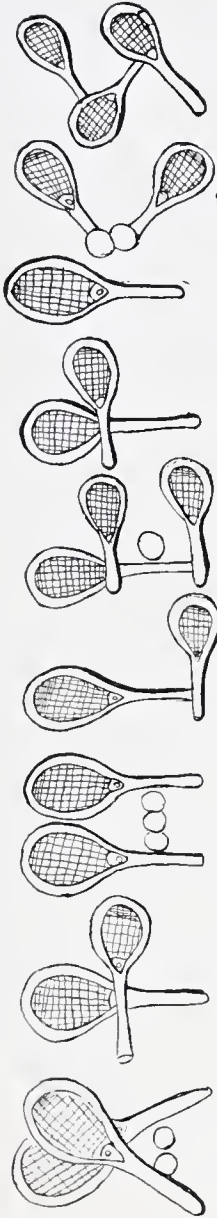
Emilie Holladay made a forceful talk on this subject.

FEB. 28.—“STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONFERENCE.”

Chicora College was represented in Spartanburg by twenty girls. Hurrah for this banner delegation!

MAR. 1.—“THE CLOSE OF THE Y. W. C. A. YEAR.”

R. RANDOLPH HARRIS, '13.



Athletic Association

LEWIS DRAKE	<i>President</i>
WILLIE P. COVINGTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
NETTA ENGELS	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH MORRISON	<i>Treasurer</i>

A SOUND BODY IN A SOUND MIND

RANKING equally with the mental and moral development which college life affords is the not less important training of our physical natures. For "healthy thoughts and healthy doctrines come from healthy minds and healthy minds can not exist apart from healthy bodies." Not alone for this reason, but also for the pleasure which athletics afford, great interest is taken in all out-door amusements, and the general Physical Culture work.

Basket-ball, tennis, and track all claim our attention. There has been some track work done this year, though no regular team has been organized. The tennis courts are the most popular resorts of the campus and are usually occupied from morning 'till night by some members of the Racquet Club or others. Anyone who cares to is allowed to enter the tennis tournament, which takes place on Field Day. Basket-ball, which is enjoyed in the fall and spring, is the favorite sport among Chicora girls. Beside the regular class teams, there is the Varsity team, which has done good work this year. The strength of the various teams is tried during the latter part of March, when the match games are played. At this time more than any other period during the session, class spirit reaches the high-water mark of its manifestation. Great interest is shown in these games, but the most exciting of the series is the final contest between the two winning teams which decides the championship. The victorious team is awarded a loving cup which it holds until the next session.

The first of April is Field Day at Chicora. The exercises which take place on this day prove better than any other feature of the year the character of athletics at Chicora. Besides the contest for the championship in basket-ball, and the tennis tournament there are various exercises exhibiting the Physical Culture and gymnasium training.

General gymnastics is compulsory and besides this there is Physical Culture Class, which has had splendid training in Sweedish, German, and Harmonic gymnastics. These exercises develop breath and chest expan-

sion, muscular tone, ease, grace and rhythm as well as concentration, alertness and attention.

A growing interest is manifested each year in both the work and play element of athletics, as we come more and more to the realization of the fact that physical training is absolutely necessary to the all-round development of womanhood and the fitting of ourselves for social efficiency in life.





Senior Basket Ball Team

COLORS: Light Blue and Gold

HELEN TURNER	Manager
LEWIS DRAKE	Captain
RANDOLPH HARRIS	Forward
ETHELYN OWENS	Forward
WILLIE COVINGTON	Guard
LEWIS DRAKE	Guard
MARY LAND	Center
HELEN TURNER	Side Center
ESSIE DOAR	}	Substitutes
CATHERINE MURCHISON		
MABEL HARTNESS		
AUSTIN MITCHELL	Mascot



Junior Basket Ball Team

COLORS: *Black and Gold*

LULA PENDER	Manager
MARIE JACKSON	Captain
MARY EDMUNDS	Forward
MARIE JACKSON	Forward
ELOISE STEELE	Guard
IRENE TURNER	Guard
JUDITH ABRAHAM	Center
MARIETTA LANGFORD	Side Center
MAY GRAHAM }	Substitutes
SUSIE JOHNSON }	
TEDDY BEAR	Mascot

YELL

Hurrah for the team of class fourteen,
The team that always wins!
Lucky, plucky, dandy, keen,
Is our class of old fourteen.



Sophomore Basket Ball Team

•COLORS: *Blue and Gold*

ESTHER DORRAH	Manager
ELLEN MATHESON	Captain
EMMIE FERRELL	Forward
MARGUERITE SIMPSON	Forward
LILLIE MAE HUGHES	Guard
ELLEN MATHESON	Guard
MYRTLE McKEOWN	Center
GRACE THORNE	Side Center
MARY DUSENBURY }	Substitutes
VERA MURRAH }	

YELL

Blue and Gold, Blue and Gold,
 Who'll make the Juniors fuss and scold?
 Who'll make the Seniors play for the goal?
 Who'll put the Fresh in the hole?
 Sophomores, Sophomores!



Physical Culture Class

MISS ANNIE V. TILLERY	<i>Director</i>
EMILIE HOLLADAY	<i>Captain</i>

MEMBERS

Emily Adams	Lula Pender
Mary E. Brown	Lucille Phillips
Margaret Clowney	Essie Rogers
Jennie Engels	Cecil Rogers
Randolph Harris	Agnes Saverance
Marietta Langford	Louise Smith
Mary Miller	Helen Turner
Kathryn Murchison	Nan Vincent
Nell McLees	Maude Wilson
Addie McWhorter	Susie Johnson
Louise Parsons	Jean McGregor

Chicora

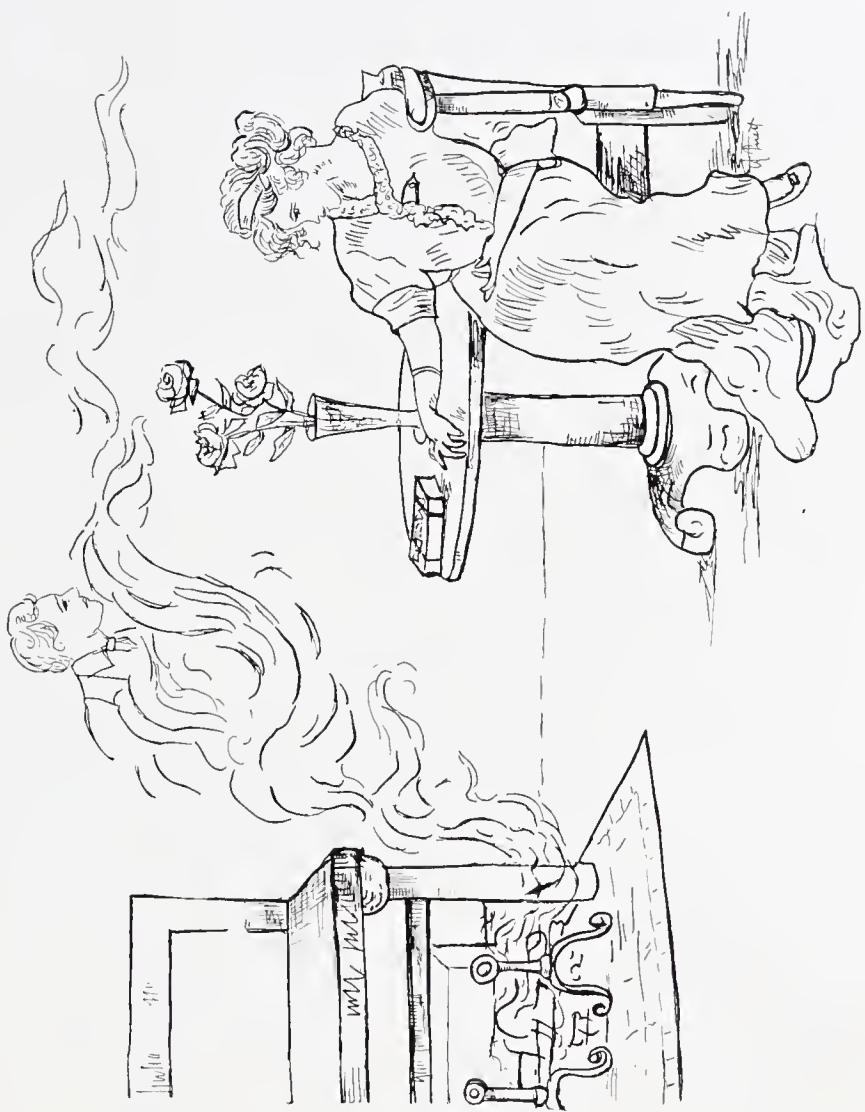
(APOLOGIES TO H. J. WILBUR)

The sky seems nowhere quite so blue
As at Chicora;
The sun has nowhere a brighter hue
Than at Chicora;
The grass is nowhere quite so green,
And the moon cast even its silver sheen
Nowhere with such a radiant beam,
As at Chicora.

The trees at no place grow so tall
As at Chicora;
And nowhere their shadows so lightly fall
As at Chicora;
Nowhere does springtime come so soon,
When the violet and daffodil bloom
Proclaiming to winter its final doom,
As at Chicora.

The days are nowhere quite so full
As at Chicora;
Nor could you find a place less dull,
Than old Chicora;
For the girls are nowhere near so bright,
And nowhere work with such a might,
For hearts are always, ever, light
Up at Chicora!

M. E. B., '13.





WHISTLER CLUB

Motto: Art does not
imitate, but interpret
Colors: White and green
Flower: Easter Lily
Pres: Ellen Matheson
Sect. Treas: R. Garner





Chicora Glee Club

MRS. H. H. BELLAMANN *Director*

FIRST AND SECOND SOPRANOS

Stella Bethune
Helen Darby
Lila Edmunds
Jennie Engels
Carmen Evans
Eileen Floyd
Nita Hunter
Kathleen James
Lottie Miller
Louise McQueen
Mae Taber

FIRST AND SECOND ALTOS

Willie Covington
Essie Doar
Rose Evans
Lula Gaillard
Zelma Johnson
Mary Jones
Marietta Langford
Ethelyn Owens
Louise Parsons
Eloise Steele
Mary Wade

MARY EDMUNDS *Accompanist*



Georgia Club

MOTTO: *Wisdom, Justice and Moderation*

COLORS: *Black and Red*

FLOWER: *Cherokee Rose*

OFFICERS

JUDITH ABRAHAM	<i>President</i>
LULA GAILLARD	<i>Vice-President</i>
JULIA WADE	<i>Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

Judith Abraham
 Louise Awtrey
 Natalie Awtrey
 Carmen Evans
 Rose Evans
 Mary Emma Gee
 Lula Gaillard
 Lillie Mae Hughes

Susie Johnson
 Bessie Kemp
 Nell Lovingood
 Corinne Little
 Lucile Phillips
 Lula Roberts
 Louise Smith
 Ferol Moore

MRS. EVANS	<i>Honorary Member</i>
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Tennessee Club

TIME OF MEETING: *When our hearts wander back* MOTTO: *Boost the State we love*

PLACE: *As near her as possible*

MEMBERS

Sallie Armstrong
Willie Armstrong
Nelle Murrell
Miss Fitts

Irene Sanders
Louise Parsons
Angeline Wofford
Mrs. Berghauser

PROFESSOR BERGHAUSER *Adopted Member*



Fairfield County Club

TIME OF MEETING: *Whenever there is fare*

MOTTO: *Strive for fairness*

COLORS: *Gold and Black*

FLOWER: *Goldenrod*

IRENE TURNER	President
HENREE BUCHANAN	Vice-President
ROXIE DIXON	Secretary

MEMBERS

Claudia Buchanan
Margaret Clowney
Susie Crawford

Bruce Crosby
Sallie Dixon
Emilie Holladay



The Marlboro Daughters

OBJECT: *To increase our appreciation of cotton growers*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Marlboro, in summer; Chicora, in winter*

COLORS: *Red and Green*

FLOWER: *American Beauty Rose*

OFFICERS

RUTH MORRISON	<i>President</i>
WILLIE COVINGTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOUISE MCQUEEN	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

Mary Evelyn Brown
Willie Covington
Lewis Drake
Ellen Matheson

Geneva Morrison
Ruth Morrison
Louise McQueen
Bertrice Sykes

Heien Turner



Spartanburg County Club

AIM: *To Uphold Spartanburg County*

MOTTO: *Be a Spartan*

FLOWER: *Cotton Blossom*

OFFICERS

GRACE THORNE	<i>President</i>
LULA PENDER	<i>Vice-President</i>
NETTA ENGELS	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

Grace Thorne
 Jennie Engels
 Mamye Bearden

Margie Gaston
 Lula Pender
 Helen Caldwell

Netta Engels



The York County Club

FRANCES BURGESS	<i>President</i>
MARY LAND	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN DARBY	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

Frances Burgess
 Helen Darby
 Mabel Hartness
 Emma Kerr
 Mary Land

Isabel Massey
 Jack Massey
 Ruth Meacham
 Florence Steele
 Eloise Steele





Kiddo Club

MOTTO: *Be young while you can*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Behind the screen*

MEMBERS

Kathryn Bridgman
Bruce Crosby
Ruth McCardell
Helen Darby

Eilleen Floyd
Rosa Garner
Zelma Johnson
Nell McLees

Molivia Taylor



Idlers

MOTTO: *Never do to-day what can be put off 'till to-morrow*

TIME OF MEETING: *Any time*

PLACE: *Anywhere*

MEMBERS

Essie Doar
Mary Edmunds

Marietta Langford
Ethelyn Owens

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Edmunds

Miss Miller



Pickle Club

MOTTO: *To eat all we can get*

TIME: *In cucumber time*

PLACE: *Spider web*

MEMBERS

Emma Kerr
Margaret Clowney
Marietta Langford
Eloise Steele

Isabelle Massey
Jack Massey
Ruth Meacham
Florence Steele





Busy Bee Club

MOTTO: *It is better to wear out than to rust out*

FLOWER: *White Lily*

COLOR: *White and Yellow*

LULA GAILLARD	President
LUCILE PHILLIPS	Vice-President
ROSE EVANS	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Lula Gaillard
 Rose Evans
 Louise Smith
 Tena Wise

Helen Caldwell
 Lucile Phillips
 Emily Adams
 Grace Wyatt

Elizabeth Fant



Epicureans

MOTTO: *To be as great as we feel*

FLOWER: *Red Carnation*

COLOR: *Garnet and Gold*

MEMBERS

Almer Barentine
Bruce Crosby
Ruth Morrison
Alma Steedman

Beatrice Sykes
Geneva Morrison
Addie McWhorter
Louise McQueen

MISS MAGGIE GORDON *Honorary Member*



The Club of E's

PLACE OF MEETING: *On flowery beds of "Es"*

TIME: *When money is "Esy"*

AIM: *To live a life of "Es"*

FLOWER: *Hearts "Es"*

COLORS: *Ros"E" Red and Nav"E" Blue*

PASSWORD: *Go "E"sy!*

MEMBERS

Mary Edmunds	Fatt"E"
Jennie Engels	Laz"E"
Carmen Evans	Dummi"E"
Rose Evans	Ros"E"

HONORAR"E" MEMBERS

Mrs. Evans

Miss Edmunds



Iota Kappa

MOTTO: *Birds of a feather flock together*

Mary Evelyn Brown
Willie Portress Covington
Annie Lewis Drake

Ruth Randolph Harris
Emilie Cabell Holladay
Helen Walker Turner



The Jolly Nine

MOTTO: *Never trouble trouble 'till trouble troubles you* FLOWER: *Forget-me-not*

TIME OF MEETING: *Any time to have a good time*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Where trouble never comes*

Name	Better Known as	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Song
Catherine Murchison Ione Rowell Zora Merritt	"Murk" "Senior" "Willis"	Telling jokes Writing to "Professors" Consoling "Sport"	"Daisies Won't Tell" "In the Good Old Summer Time" "It's a Long Lane That Has No Turning"
Ollie Simpson Emmie Nesbit Annie Fellers	"Simp" "Tem" "Sport"	Trying to think serious Studying (?) Playing Hearts	"Down by the Old Mill Stream" "All That I Ask Is Love" "Somebody's Sweetheart I Want to Be"
Ferol Moore Azile Bozeman Mabel Hartness	"Teddy" "Boze" "Winkle"	Walking Teasing Teddy Sleeping	"Love Me, and the World is Mine" "Teasing" "Sing Me to Sleep"



Æ

COLORS: *Navy blue and white*

AIM: *Eat*

MEMBERS

Emmie Ferrell
Irene Sanders
Elizabeth McNeill

Nelle Murrell
Nan Vincent
Bill Armstrong

Odd Sal Armstrong



The Baker's Dozen

OBJECT: *Fun, pure and innocent* MOTTO: *Eat, drink, and be merry for we may—*

EMBLEM: *Wheat*

FLOUR: *Gold Medal*

COLORS: *White and Gold*

MARY LAND	President
MARY MAYES	Vice-President
SUSIE JOHNSON	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Judith Abraham
Lena Atkins
Rose Evans
Emmie Ferrell
Margaret Graham
May Graham

Lula Gaillard
Susie Johnson
Mary Land
Alethea Mayes
Mary Mayes
Ida McCrary

Lucile Phillips



Chicora Marys

Mary Bates
 Mary E. Brown
 Mary Dusenbury
 Mary Edmunds
 Mary E. Gee
 Mary Graham

Mary Jones
 Mary Jordan
 Mary Land
 Mary Mayes
 Mary Miller
 Mary Mitchell

Mary Wade

MISS MARY GUY *Honorary Member*



The Racquet Club

"Make a hit when you can"

MEMBERS

Emilie Holladay
Ethelyn Owens
Ruth McCardell
Mary Land
Molivia Taylor
Mary Evelyn Brown
Jennie Engels
Essie Doar

Zelma Johnson
Lewis Drake
Randolph Harris
Helen Turner
Emma Kerr
Willie Covington
Netta Engels
Frances Burgess

Nan Vincent



The Climbers

AIM: *To reach the highest round*

OFFICERS

MARY LAND	<i>President</i>
KATHRYN BRIDGMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
ALMA BARENTINE	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

Louise Bates
 Alma Barentine
 Kathryn Bridgman
 Carmen Evans
 Cattie Russell
 Beatrice Sykes

Agnes Saverance
 Angeline Wofford
 Mary Land
 Jean McGregor
 Louise McQueen
 Nell McLees



Candy Kids

TIME OF MEETING: *When the candy comes* PLACE OF MEETING: *Near the box*

MOTTO: *Candy yourself*

MEMBERS

Nell Murrell
Elizabeth McNeill

Bill Armstrong
Sallie Armstrong

"LITTLE SUSIE" Mascot



The Sinfonia

ELIZABETH McNEILL *Director*

MEMBERS

Willie Covington
Frances Burgess
Essie Doar

Ethelyn Owens
Margaret Floyd
Mabel Hartness

Florence Steele

HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Bellamann



Senior Latin Club

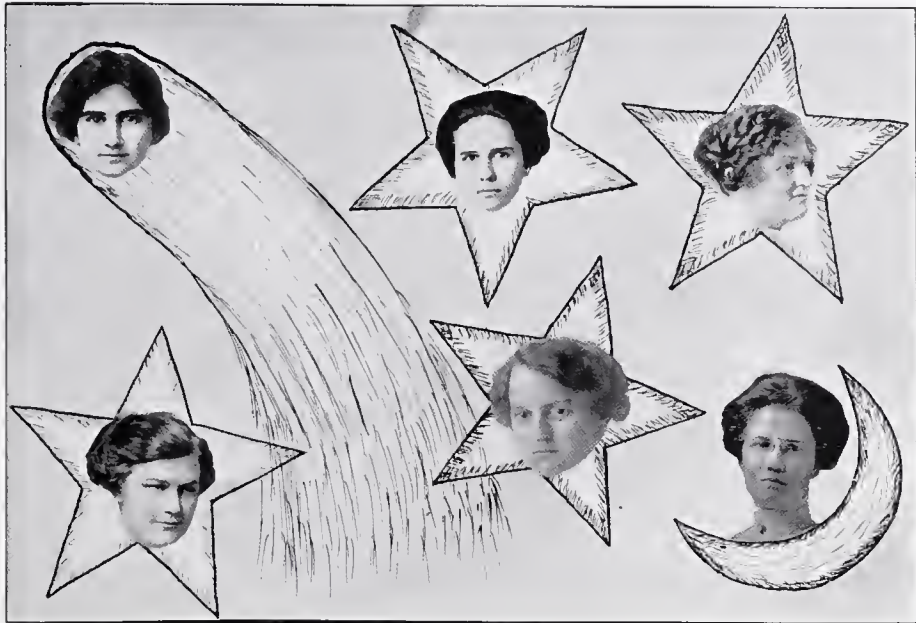
“Haec studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant,
adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, per-
noctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.” Cicero, Pro Archia.

MISS MARY WILLS GUY *Director*

MEMBERS

Helen Turner
Ione Rowell

Emilie Holladay
Helen Goldsmith



The Astronomy Club

"The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs."

MISS CHARLES	<i>Luna Terrae</i>
LEWIS DRAKE	<i>Comet, Halley's</i>
KATHARINE MURCHISON	<i>Stella Sirius</i>
ANNA PUETT	<i>Stella Castor</i>
MARY LAND	<i>Stella Pollux</i>
BERTHA McCUTCHEON	<i>Planet, Venus</i>



Shakespearian Club

MOTTO: *If all the world were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work*

OBJECT: *Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Forest of Arden*

COLORS: *Pearl gray and pink*

TIME OF MEETING: *When the hurly-burly's done*

FLOWER: *Moss Rose*

OFFICERS

MARGARET GRAHAM	President
MARY MAYES	Vice-President
MARY WADE	Secretary and Treasurer
LULA PENDER	Editor

MEMBERS

May Graham
Ida McCrary
Judith Abraham
Susie Johnson
Marie Jackson
Celeste McKeown
Nita Hunter

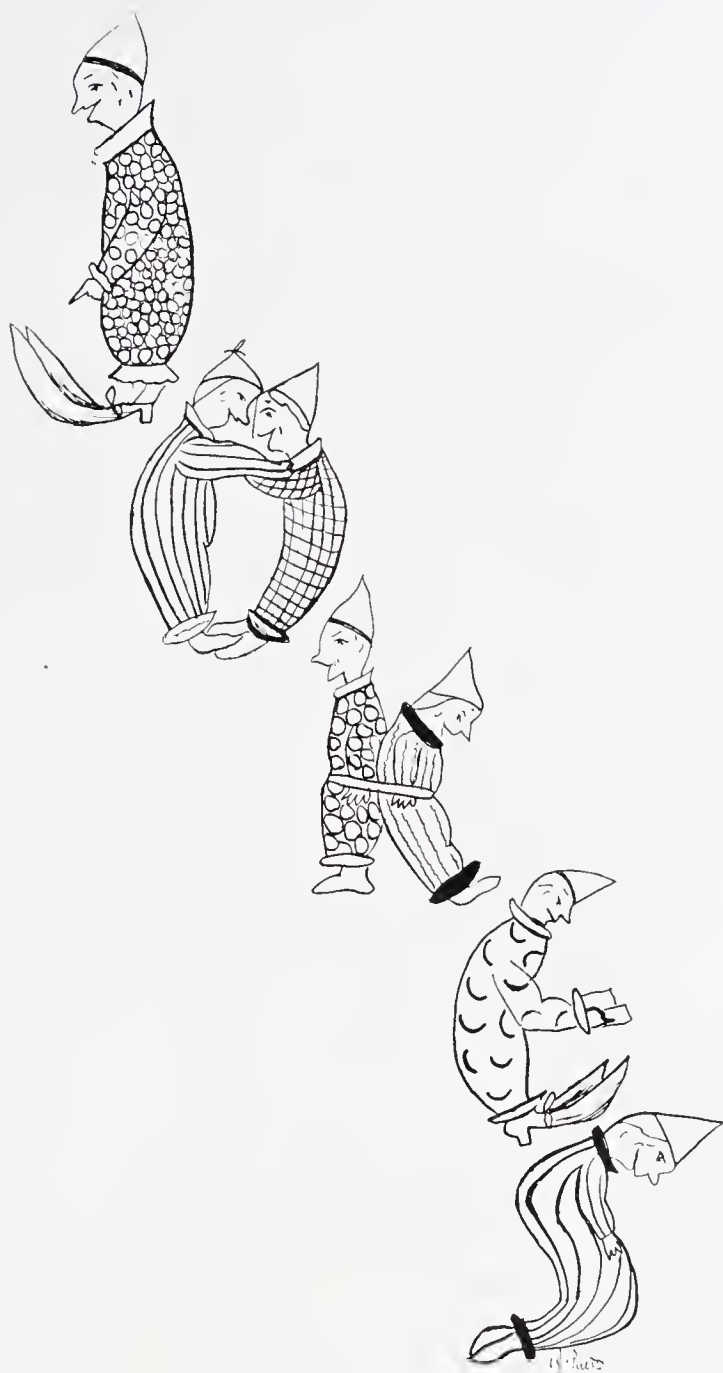
Lena Atkins
Irene Sanders
Irene Turner
Stella Bethune
Eloise Steele
Roxie Dixon

Almer Barentine
Henree Buchanan
Marietta Langford
Mary Edmonds
Ethelyn Owens
Ruth Morrison
Agnes Saverance

Elizabeth Fant

HONORARY

Miss Jean Witherspoon



Jokes

Laugh. If you can't laugh, smile. If you can't smile, grin.

M. S. (at Furman Debate)—“Which side do you think will win, Grace?”

G. T.—“The Philadelphians (Adelphians).”

If Aileen is a Bishop, is Louise a Parson?

Sr. L. D.—“Say, Frances, can't you write a cute little limousine (limerick) for the annual?”

I met her in the darkened hall,
When stillness ruled the house,
We fled away like those appalled,
For she was a little—mouse.

If Eloise would borrow, would Florence Steele?

Wanted—To know why Judith Abraham sees Crooks even in straight things.

Why is it that boys want to kiss tall girls?

Because it is so uplifting.—Ex.

Azile B. (picking up Ione's perfume sprayer)—“Ione, I didn't know you had catarrh.”

Fresh. Year—“Comedy of Errors.”

Soph. Year—“Much Ado About Nothing.”

Jr. Year—“As You Like It.”

Sr. Year—“All's Well That Ends Well.”

He met her at the corner store,
Clandestinely, he met her,
And they had met there oft before—
Did the monitors then get her?

Susie J., reading program of “Operetta”—“Staged by Miss Tillery?”
—“Why, I didn't know Miss Tillery fixed up the stage.”

Miss Waid, in drug store—“I want some castile soap, please.”

Clerk—“Scented?”

Miss W.—“No, I'll take it.”

If Essie is a Doar, is Letitia the Key?

She swept, Nell did, around the room,
Each nook, and corner with the broom—
But look! What doth infuriate her?
She's tried to move the radiator.

Ellen M.—“Miss Godfrey, I've broken my nose.”

Miss G.—“No, the mucilage is just bent.”

THE MUSIC BOX

“Beautiful Lady” Louise P.
“Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep” Irene T.
“Any Little Girl” Willie A.
“I Like Music With My Meals” Ellen M.
“Auld Lang Syne” Class of 1912

S. J.—“Judith, did you ever eat any mustachio (pistachio) cream?”

Natalia A.—“Louise, who goes to the faculty meetings, anyway?”

A bad little boy with downcast eyes,
A slipper lying near,
A mother's tender, guiding hand
Alas, little boy—but where?

Miss Waid—“Cathrine, give the principal parts of the verb ‘Come.’”

Sr. C. M.—“Come, came, went.”

If Josie is a Reid, is Bolling Rice?

“Oh, name me a name for the Sophomore,
She of the ‘Know-it-all;’
And name me a way to meet this one
When we meet her on the hall.”

THE BOOKSHELF

“The Port of Missing Men” Chicora
“The Battle Ground” The Basket-Ball Court
“The Music Master” Dr. Bellamann
“A Girl In a Thousand” Mary L.
“Freckles” Randolph H.
“The Virginians” Misses Guy, Stuart and Prosser

Maid one }
Maid won } Romance
Made one }

Miss Guy, returning from the doctor's—“The doctor gave me a tonic; he said I didn't have enough red capsules (corpuscles) in my blood.”

“Stranger, at back door—“Butler, can you tell me where the main entrance of the college is?”

Butler—“Yas sah, he libs on de front campus.”

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
In the midst of her forehead, bless her!
But when she went to bed,
As some other girlies said,
It was right in the middle of her dresser.—Ex.
If sunshine makes Mary Evelyn Brown, why is Dora Black?
Science lends a lordly air
To the serious Seniors' walk,
But what has lent that frivolous air
To the serious Seniors' talk?



College Statistics

The cutest	Sallie Armstrong
The neatest	Nell Murrell
The wittiest	Catherine Murchison
The prettiest	Louise Parsons
The brightest	Willie Covington
The sunniest	Sallie Armstrong
The best artist	Myrtle McKeown
The best singer	Ethelyn Owens
The best reader	Louise Parsons
The best writer	Margaret Graham
The best athlete	Lewis Drake
The best pianist	Mary Edmunds
The best all-round	Mary Land
The most stylish	Nell Murrell
The most popular	Mary Land
The most dignified	Mary Evelyn Brown
The most original	Nell McLees
The most studious	Alethea Mayes
The most independent	Ruth Morrison
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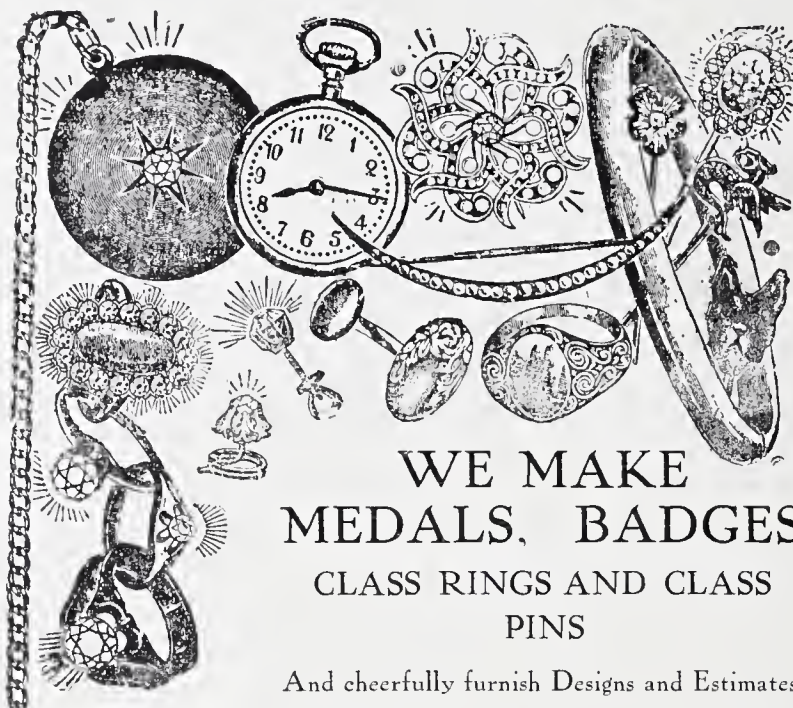
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